

SEPTEMBER No. 2

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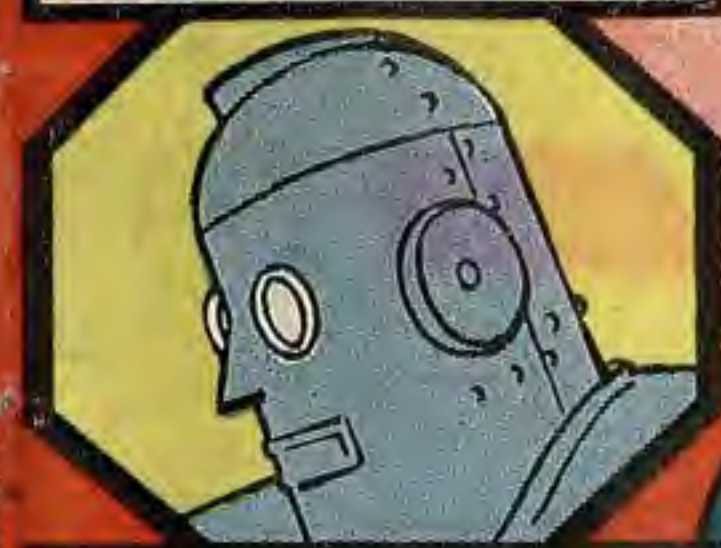
SMASH COMICS



WINGS WENDALL



ARCHIE O'TOOLE



BOZO THE ROBOT



ABDUL THE ARAB



NOW,
BLACK ACE--
WHERE ARE
THOSE SECRET
ARMY PLANS
?

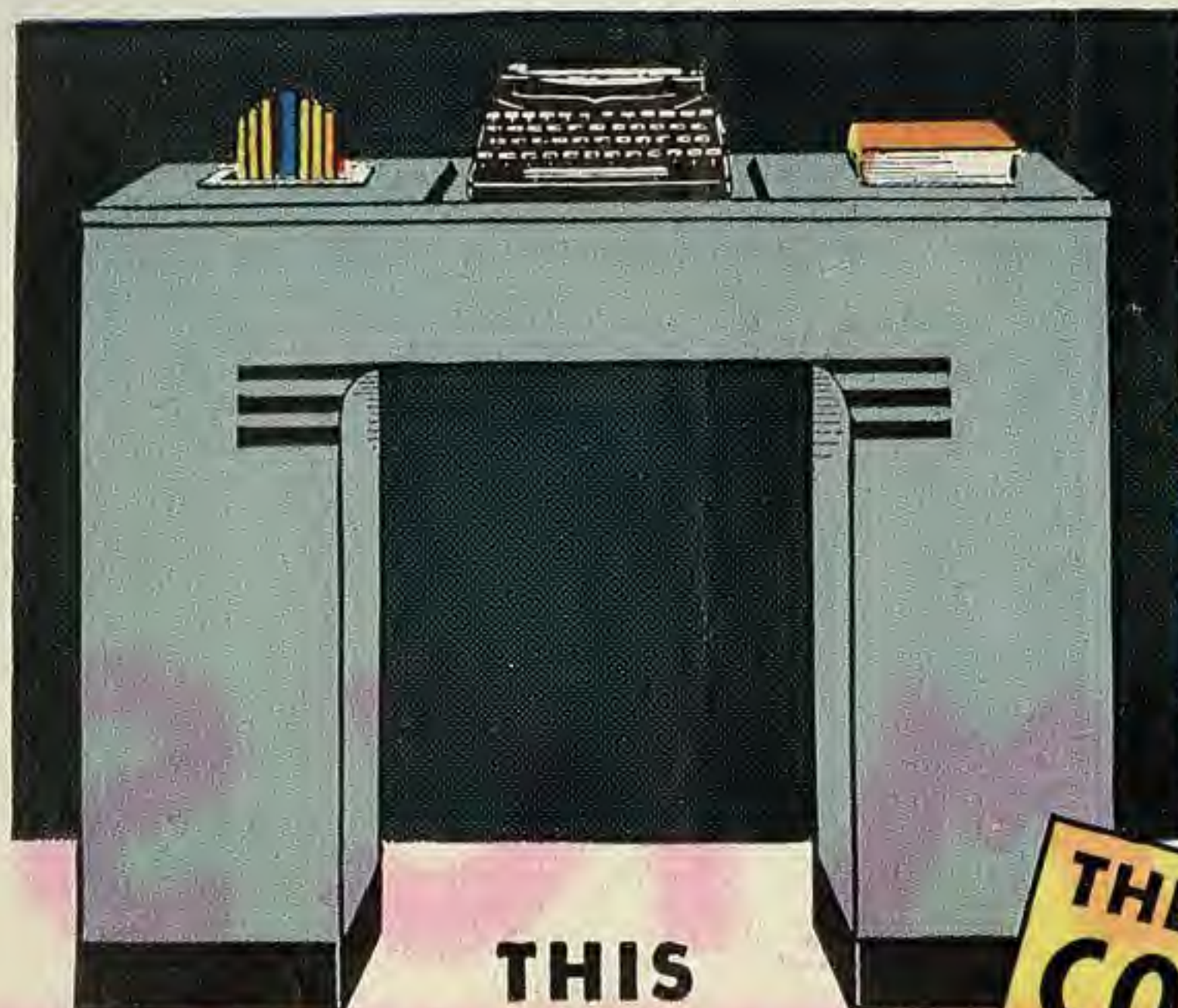
— IN THIS ISSUE —

ESPIONAGE

A thrilling full-length picture story
featuring THE BLACK ACE.

Also CLIP CHANCE, PHILPOT VEEP,
CHIC CARTER, THE LONE STAR
RIDER, CAPTAIN COOK, INVISIBLE
JUSTICE and many others.

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REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

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City.....State.....

ESPIONAGE



WAR! In the Far East!

SINCE THE FIRST SINO-JAPANESE CLASH AT THE MARCO-POLO BRIDGE, NEAR PEIPING, IN 1937, THE POWERFUL MODERNIZED ARMY OF IMPERIAL JAPAN HAS STEADILY FORCED ITS WAY ACROSS FAR-FLUNG CHINA IN AN UNDECLARED BUT BLOODY WAR.



TO THE NORTH, SILENT, POWERFUL SOVIET RUSSIA WAITS AND WATCHES AS THE LEGIONS OF THE RISING SUN MARCH TOWARD HER FRONTIERS.



AND IN JAPAN.....

RUSSIA'S ATTEMPTS TO SPREAD HER PROPAGANDA IN CHINA HAS BECOME INTOLERABLE..WE HAVE NO CHOICE, BUT TO DECLARE WAR ON SOVIET RUSSIA!



THUS, WITH CHINA AS A BATTLE GROUND, THE TWO MIGHTY AIR ARMADAS OF THE GREATEST ASIATIC POWERS CLASH....



IN A CHEAP HOTEL IN NEW YORK CITY, TWO MEN PERUSE THE DAILY PAPERS.....



HOW'D YOU LIKE TO MAKE A MILLION BUCKS IN THREE WEEKS, DYNAMO?

TAKE IT EASY, DUKE, I GOT A WEAK HEART..



I'M NOT KIDDING /LISTEN, THE WAR IN ASIA IS BEING FOUGHT MOSTLY WITH PLANES..I FIGGER THAT THE WINNER'LL BE THE COUNTRY WHICH BRINGS DOWN THE MOST PLANES



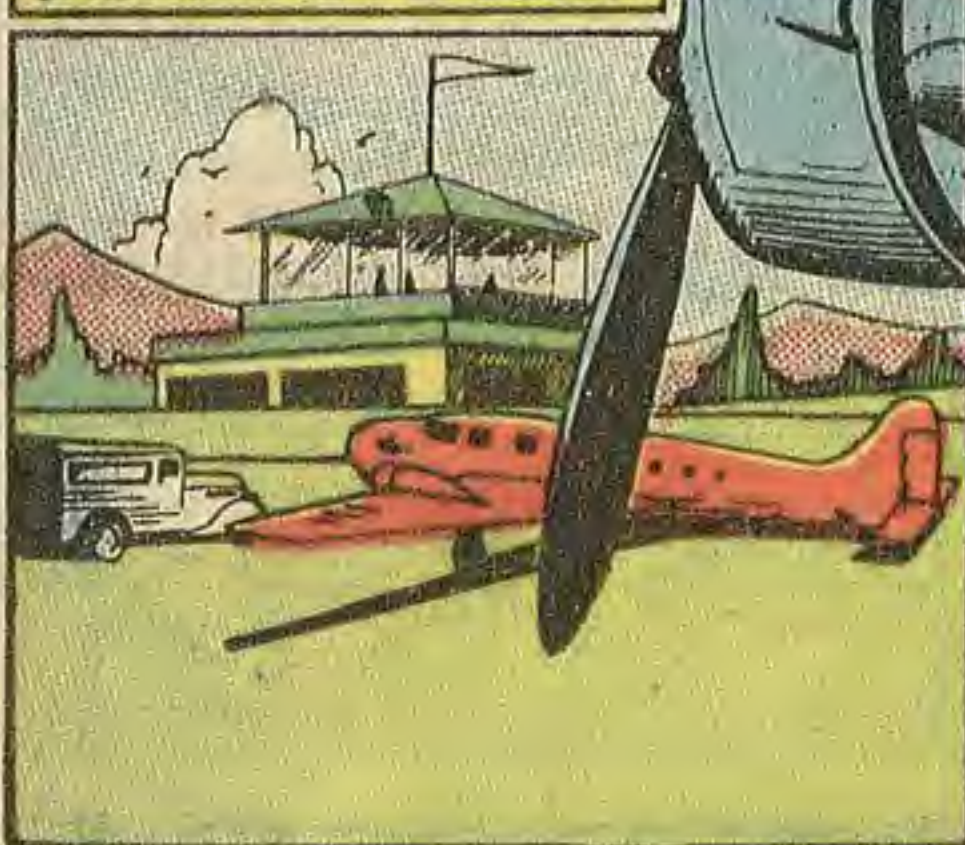
I SEE BY THE PAPERS, THAT ELLIS CRAVIN, THE INVENTOR, IS GIVING HIS "X" BEAM TO THE GOVERNMENT. IT CAN BRING DOWN A PLANE FLYING 5000 FEET ABOVE THE EARTH!



IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



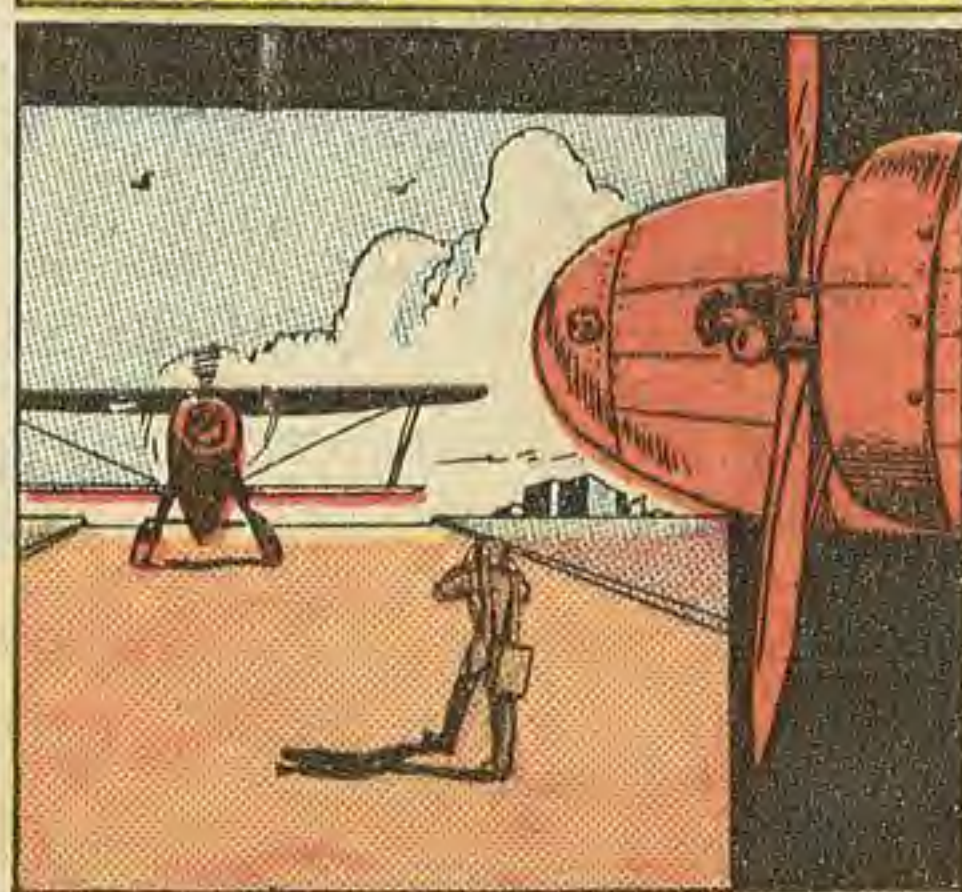
LANGLEY FIELD IS A SCENE OF BUSY CONFUSION AS A SECRET SHOWING IS PLANNED.



IN THE OFFICIALS' BOX...



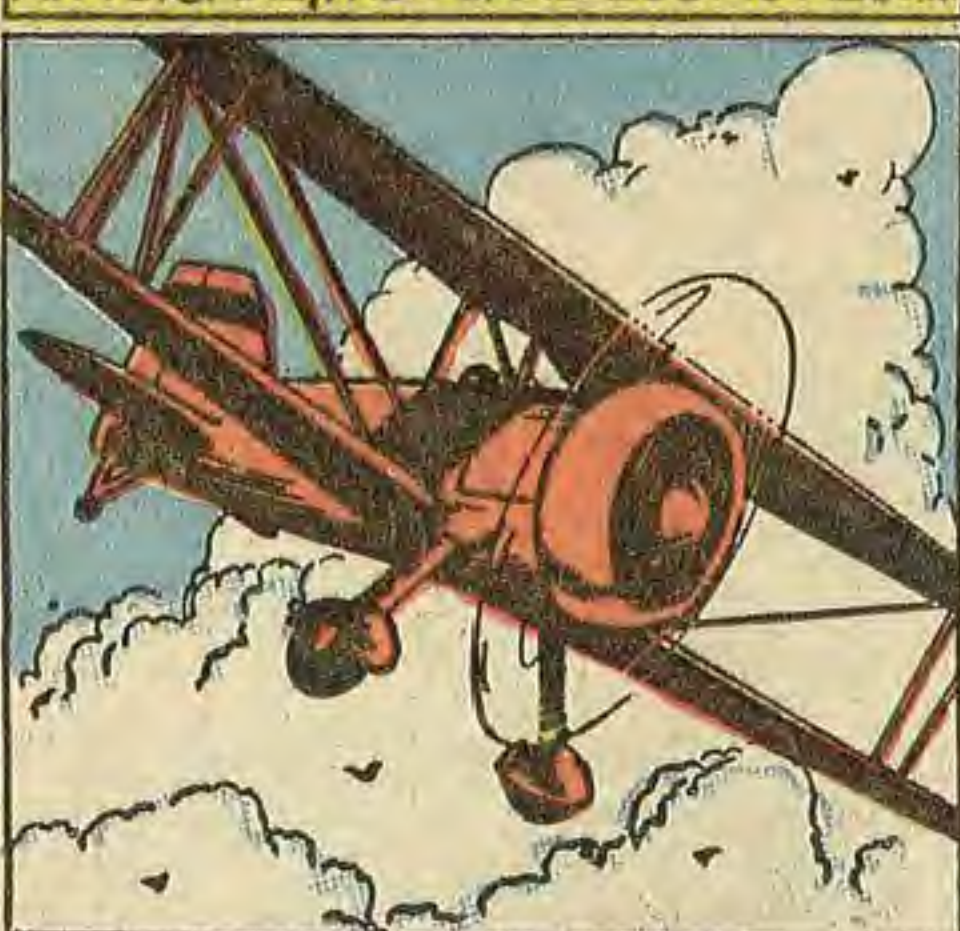
A PLANE'S MOTOR ROARS, A PILOT TROTS ACROSS THE FIELD.....



I WILL EXPLAIN MY INVENTION AS IT WORKS-- THE 'X' BEAM IS A VERY SIMPLE, BUT EFFICIENT APPARATUS!



AT A SIGNAL, THE PLANE ZOOMS ALOFT.





THE NEWS OF CRAVIN'S MURDER, AND THE STEALING OF HIS PAPERS, THROWS ARMY HEAD-QUARTERS INTO A FURORE.....



IN BLACK ACE'S APARTMENT, HE AND HIS SUPERIOR CONFER.....



CALL OFF ALL THE AGENTS WORKING ON IT NOW! LET IT BE KNOWN THAT THE ESPIONAGE IS STUMPED. OH-I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN--YOU WANT THE KILLERS TO THINK THEY GOT AWAY WITH IT! I'LL AGREE TO YOUR PLAN-- GOOD LUCK, BLACK ACE!



NEXT MORNING.....



BATU, WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A 'LONG SHOT'-- BOTH JAPAN AND RUSSIA ARE DEADLOCKED--I'VE A HUNCH THOSE CROOKS ARE GOING TO TRY TO SELL THE 'X' BEAM TO EITHER COUNTRY--



WE'RE GOING TO CHINA--THAT INVENTION RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO THE UNITED STATES AND WE'VE GOT TO RECOVER IT!



HONG KONG! THE KEY BRITISH SEAPORT OF THE EAST, IS NOW A HAVEN FOR THE REFUGEES AND SPIES OF WARTORN CHINA.....



WE'LL SEPARATE, BATU-- AS SOON AS YOU HAVE A CLUE, GET IN TOUCH WITH ME!



TWO DAYS LATER, 'DYNAMO' AND 'DUKE' ARRIVE.....



THE NEXT FEW DAYS PROVE FAVORABLE TO DUKE AND DYNAMO... THE RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE AIR ARMADAS MEET IN THE GREATEST BATTLE OF THE WAR... IT IS A DEADLOCK, AND BOTH SIDES ARE FORCED TO RETREAT... 'DUKE' DECIDES THE TIME IS RIPE.....



WE'VE GOT TWO MODELS OF THE 'X' BEAM-- YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH THE RUSSIAN AGENTS-- I'LL CONTACT THE JAPANESE AGENTS!





WITH A HEAVY LOAD OF GASOLINE
BLACK ACE'S SHIP TAKES OFF....



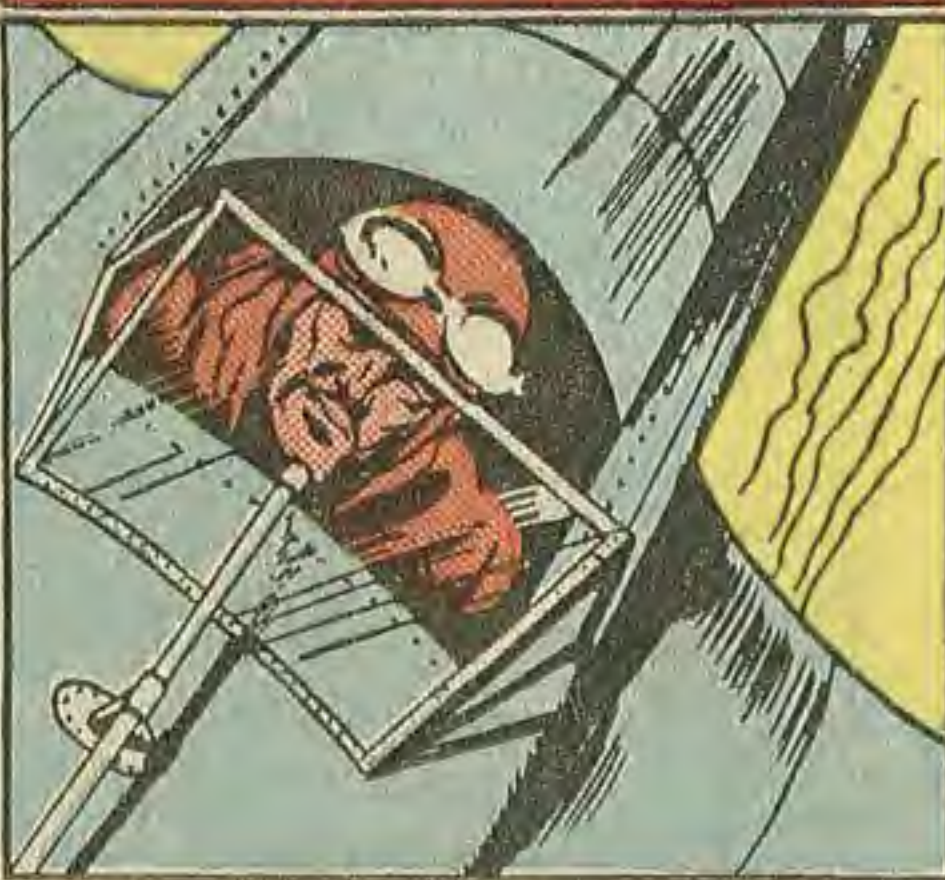
A FEW MINUTES LATER, DUKE AND
DYNAMO TAKE TO THE SKIES WITH
THREE ARMY PURSUIT SHIPS....



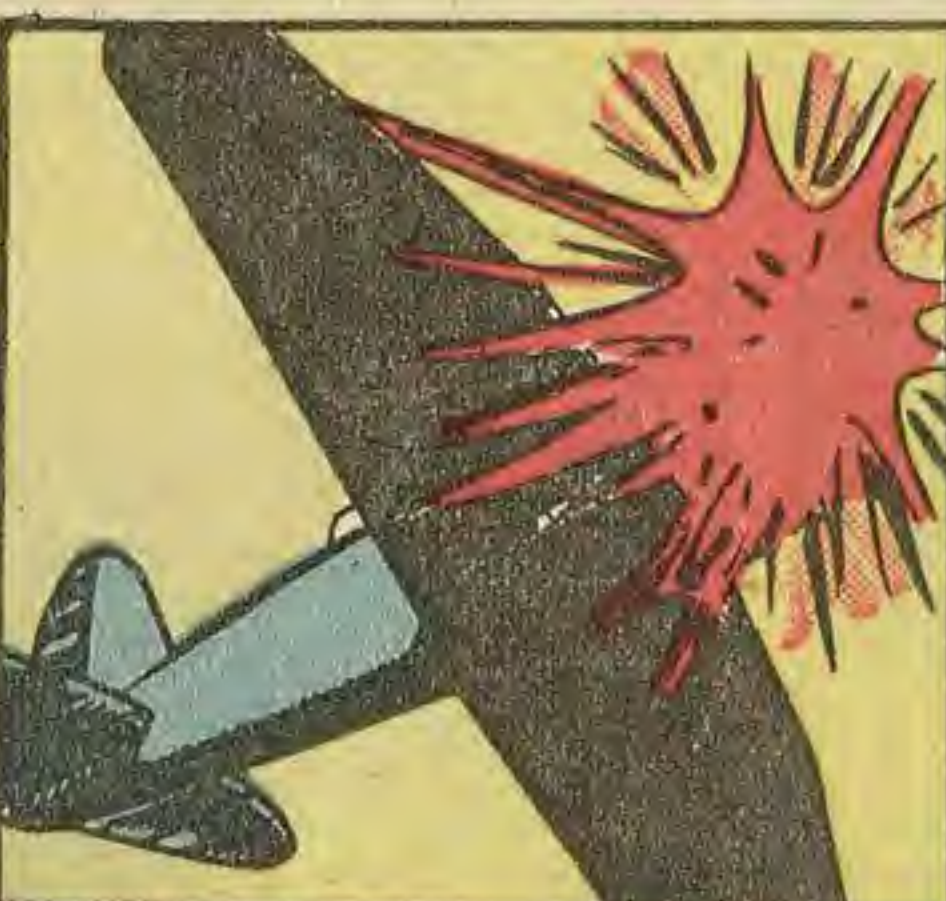
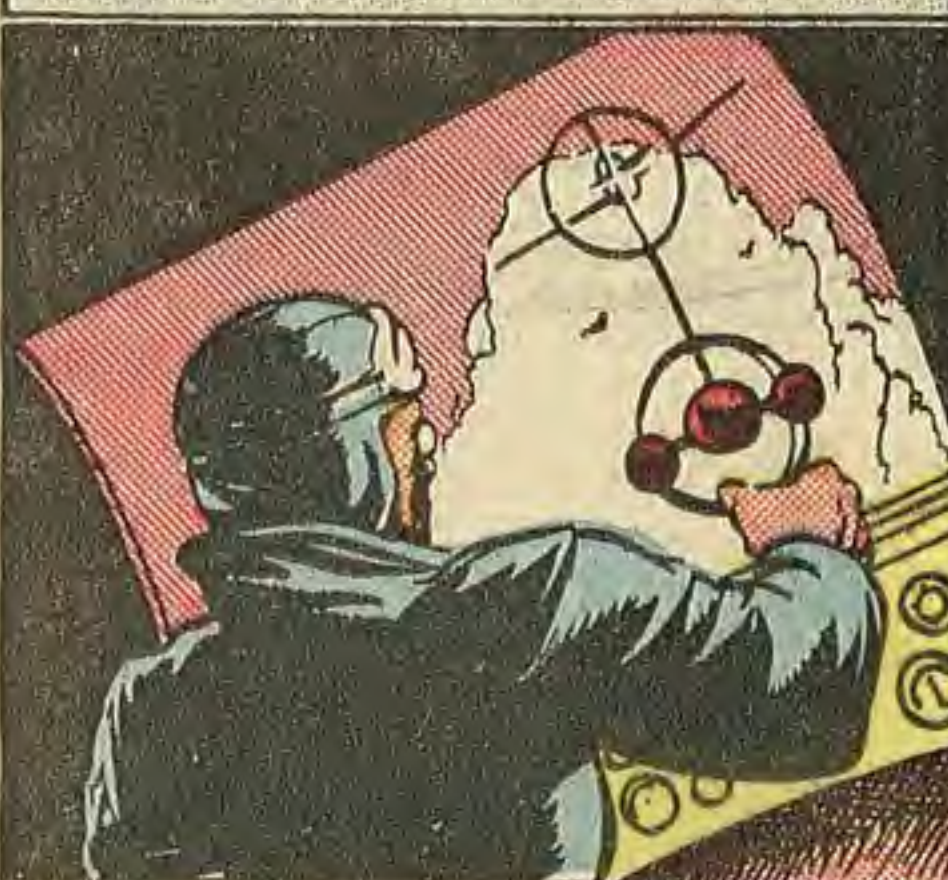
IN BLACK ACE'S PLANE.....



THE ARMY PLANE SWOOPS, ITS
GUNS SPITTING LEAD.....



BLACK ACE FOCUSES THE "X" BEAM
ON THE ONCOMING PLANE.....



THE FIGHTER'S MOTOR EXPLODES.

AND AS IT SCREAMS EARTHWARD,
ANOTHER PLANE ROARS UPON
BLACK ACE, GUNS BLAZING.....



BUT BLACK ACE INSISTS, AND WITH
BATU LYING ON THE FLOOR OF
THE PLANE, THE ESPIONAGE
AGENT TAKES THE "STICK".....



ONCE MORE THE ARMY PLANE'S
SWOOP TO THE KILL.....



BATU'S DEEP-SET EYES BLAZE
WITH HYPNOTIC BRILLIANCE...



IN THE COCKPIT OF THE PURSUING PLANE, A GHOSTLY VISION OF BATU APPEARS...



THE PILOT SHRIEKS IN TERROR.



OUT OF CONTROL, THE SHIP CRASHES.



HEY, DYNAMO!
GET THAT BEAM
WORKING.. WE'LL
GET HIM NOW!



THAT'S
"TWO AWAY"
AS THEY SAY
IN BASEBALL
EH, BATU?

BUT BATU CAN NOT ANSWER, FOR
EXHAUSTED BY THE MENTAL
STRAIN OF THE HYPNOSIS AND
SEVERAL WOUNDS, HE FAINTS..



KEEP THE PLANE STEADY,
DUKE.. I'M TRYIN' TO GET
A 'BEAD' ON HIM!



BUT BLACKACE CUTS HIS MOTORS
AND GLIDES EARTHWARD..

I'VE GOT TO GET BATU
TO A DOCTOR. THERE'S
A VILLAGE BELOW!



THIS THING DON'T
WORK, DUKE!

THAT'S BECAUSE
HE'S CUT HIS MOTORS.
LOOK, DYNAMO, HE'S
LANDING!



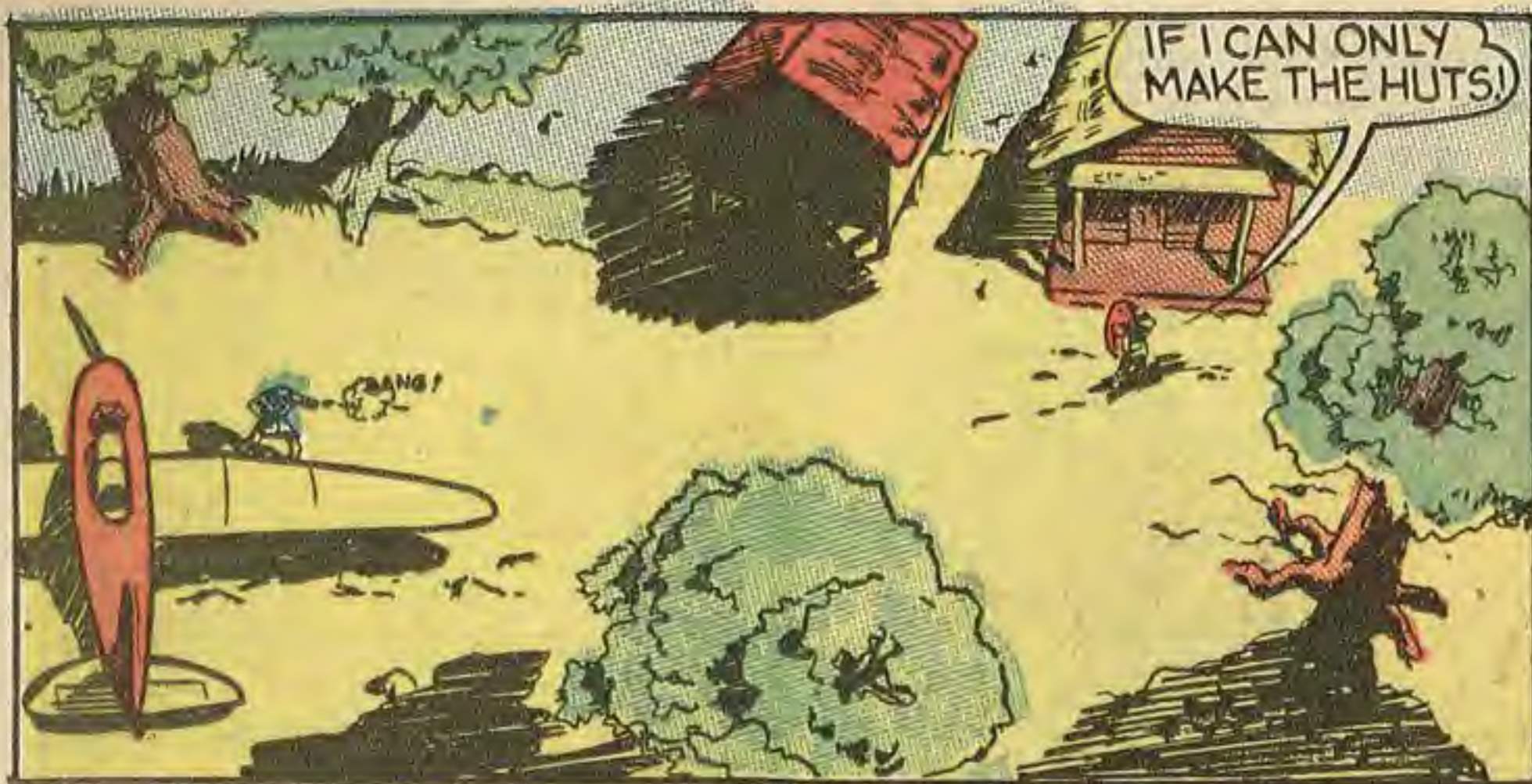
BLACK ACE LANDS IN A NARROW JUNGLE CLEARING..



FOLLOWED BY DUKE

HE'S CARRYIN'
SOME ONE OUT OF THE
PLANE OPEN FIRE!



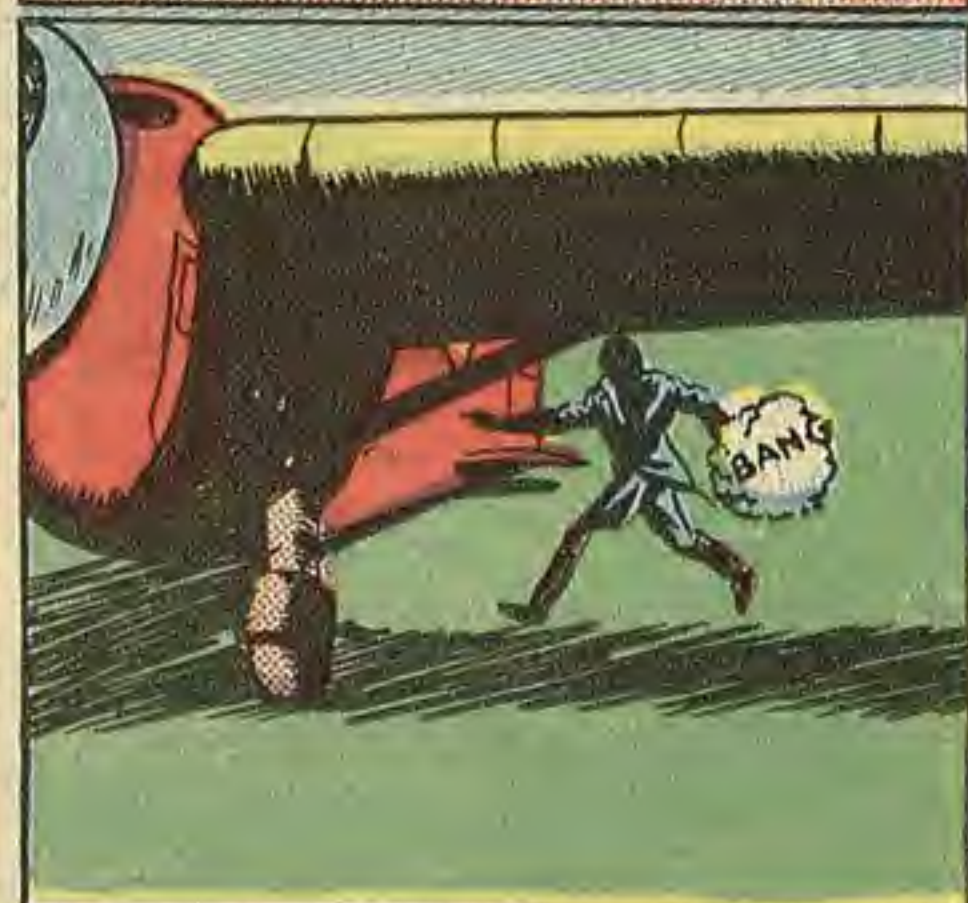


WHILE THE DOCTOR CARES FOR BATU, ACE OPENS FIRE, DARTING FROM TREE TO TREE... HE MAKES FOR THE PLANE...



BLACK ACE SCORES...

BLACK ACE REACHES HIS PLANE...



QUICKLY HE STUFFS THE SECRET NOTES INTO HIS POCKET...



BUT AS HE STEPS FORWARD...



HEH HEH--I GOT HIM--NOW WE CAN FLY BACK TO HONG KONG AND COLLECT THE DOUGH!



DUKE'S LIPS PART IN A FIENDISH GRIN, HE SNEARS...

WOUNDED, EH? NOW AIN'T THAT TOO BAD-- SORRY, DYNAMO, OL' BOY-- YOU'RE THROUGH!



NOT ANY MORE--I'M GONNA KEEP ALL THE DOUGH MYSELF--SO LONG, SUCKER!



DUKE-DUKE! COME BACK--I-I-I'LL DIE HERE!



AS THE DUKE TAKES OFF, BLACK ACE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...



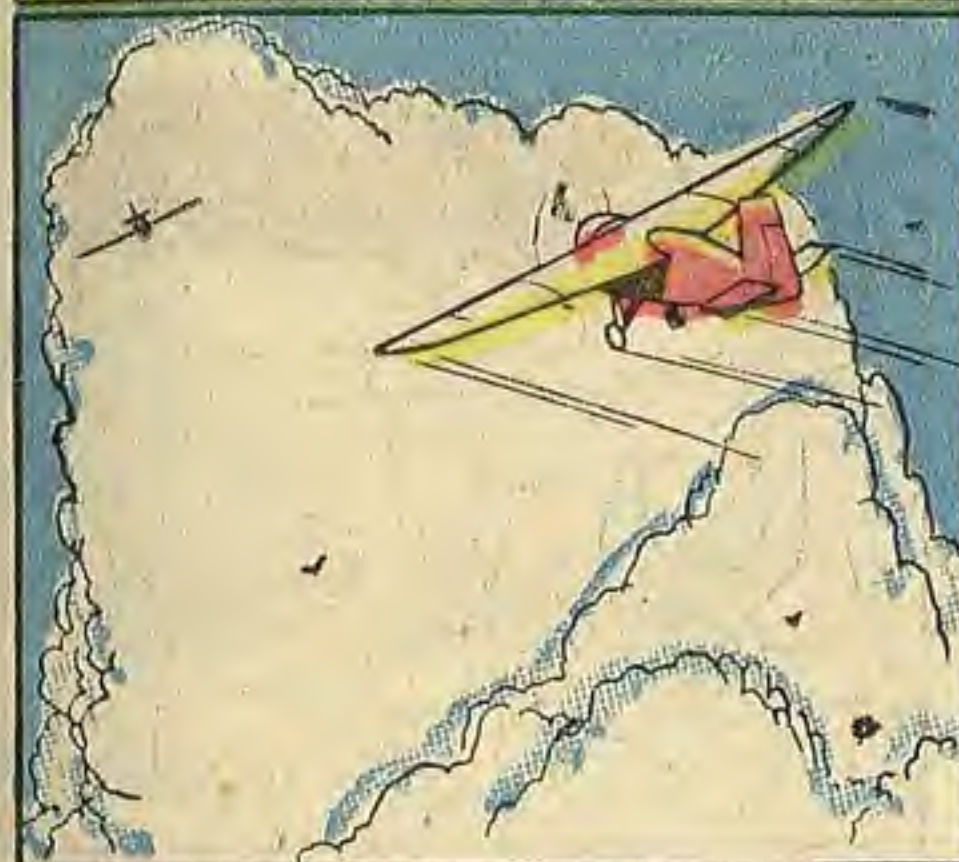
AT THE SAME MOMENT, DYNAMO CRAWLS PAINFULLY TOWARD ACE'S SHIP WITH THE SAME IDEA.....



AS THEY MEET, BLACK ACE DRAWS, READY TO DIE FIGHTING.....



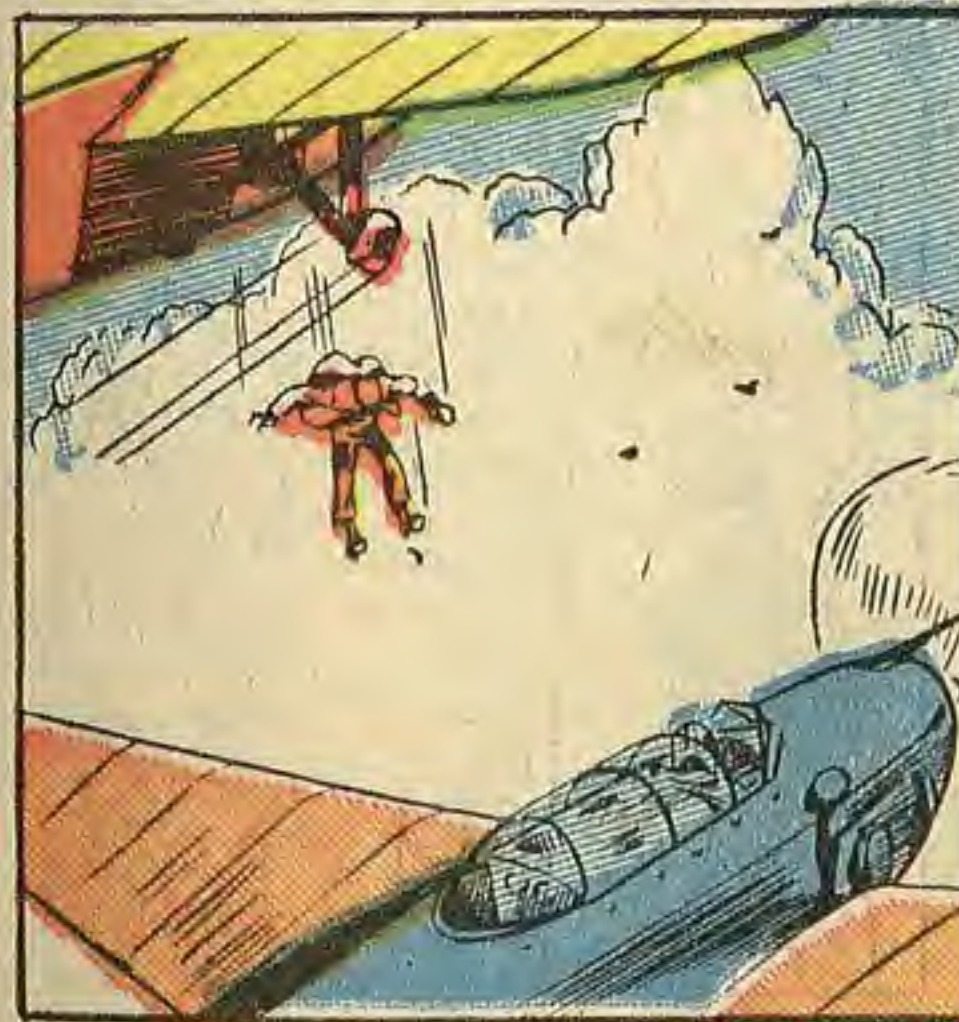
WITH BLACK ACE AT THE CONTROLS, THEY TAKE OFF IN PURSUIT.....



IN DUKE'S PLANE.....



HE'S GONNA USE HIS MACHINE GUN--AN' THIS PLANE'S UNARMED--- ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



THE PLANE PLUNGES EARTHWARD. THE TWO MEN DIE IN THE CRASH...

THERE THEY GO--CLAWING AT EACH OTHER AS THEY FALL TO THEIR DOOM--THERE'S NO HONOR AMONG THIEVES---



IN WASHINGTON, AT BLACK ACE'S FAVORITE RESTAURANT A FEW WEEKS LATER.....



HIS WOUNDS WERE SLIGHT, AND I WAS ONLY NICKED--- THE REST YOU KNOW OF COURSE---



YES, THE UNITED STATES NOW HAS THE GREATEST MILITARY DEFENSE SECRET IN THE WORLD!



THE LONE STAR RIDER

by Doyle

WELL, MAW - THIS TIME TOMORROW WE'LL HAVE OUR ACREAGE ALL FENCED IN -

YES, CLEM -

-AN' AFTER WORKIN' ALL DAY THE WAY WE DID, THE OLE CABIN SURE LOOKS GOOD - WHAT'S THAT ON THE DOOR, CLEM?

LOOKS LIKE A NOTE - WHOA!!

CLEM GALLENT.
BE OFF THIS LAND BY SUN-DOWN OR WE'LL BLOW YOU AND YOURS TO KINGDOM COME!
THIS IS YER LAST WARNIN'!
THE BLACK GANG.

IT LOOKS LIKE THEY MEAN BUSINESS, MAW -

WHAT'RE YOU GONNA DO ABOUT IT, CLEM?

FIGHT 'EM - WHAT'D YUH THINK I WUZ GONNA DO - HIGH-TAIL IT OUTA HERE?

NOT FOR A MINUTE, CLEM -

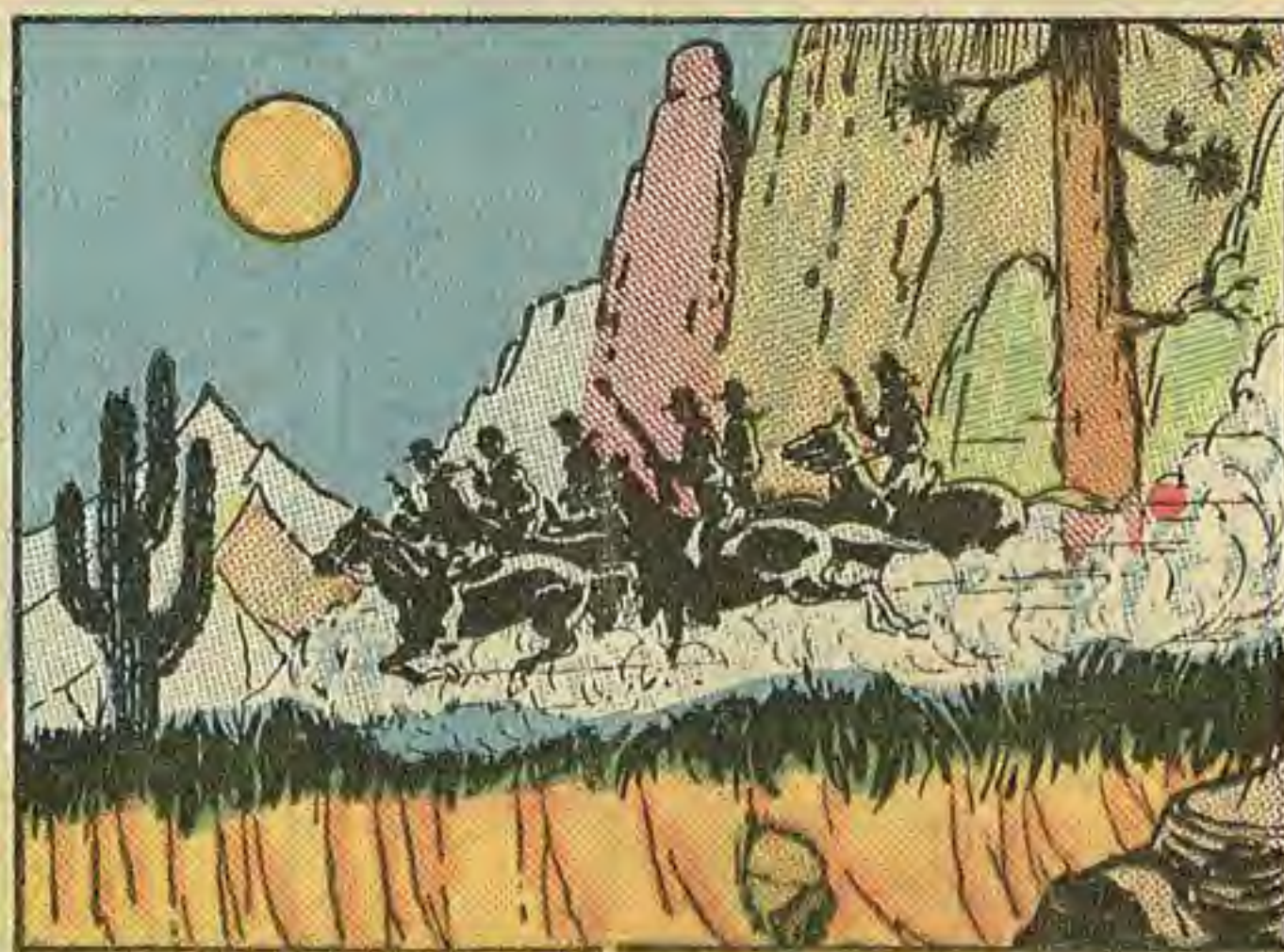
-AN' I'M WITH YOU TO THE END - WE WORKED TOO HARD TO LET SOME LAND-HOGGIN' VULTURE COME IN AN' SCARE US OFF WITHOUT A FIGHT!

KIN I HELP, PAW?

SHORE, SON - FILL ALL TH' PAILS AN' JUGS YUH CAN FIND WITH WATER AN' BRING 'EM IN HERE -

I'LL GO OUT AN' GIT ENOUGH CANNED GOODS TUH KEEP US HOLED UP IN HERE A COUPLA DAYS - YOU GIT TH' GUNS READY, SARAH -

AND THAT NIGHT, THE BLACK GANG RIDES DOWN OUT OF THE HILLS, TO TAKE BY FORCE THE LITTLE RANCH OF CLEM GALLENT AND HIS FAMILY -





THEY'RE COMIN', MAW,
I KIN HEAR TH' HOOF-BEATS
OF TH' HOSSES-- C'MON,
DONNY-- GIT DOWN TH'
TRAP--



AW, DAD--
I WANTA
FIGHT 'EM,
TOO--

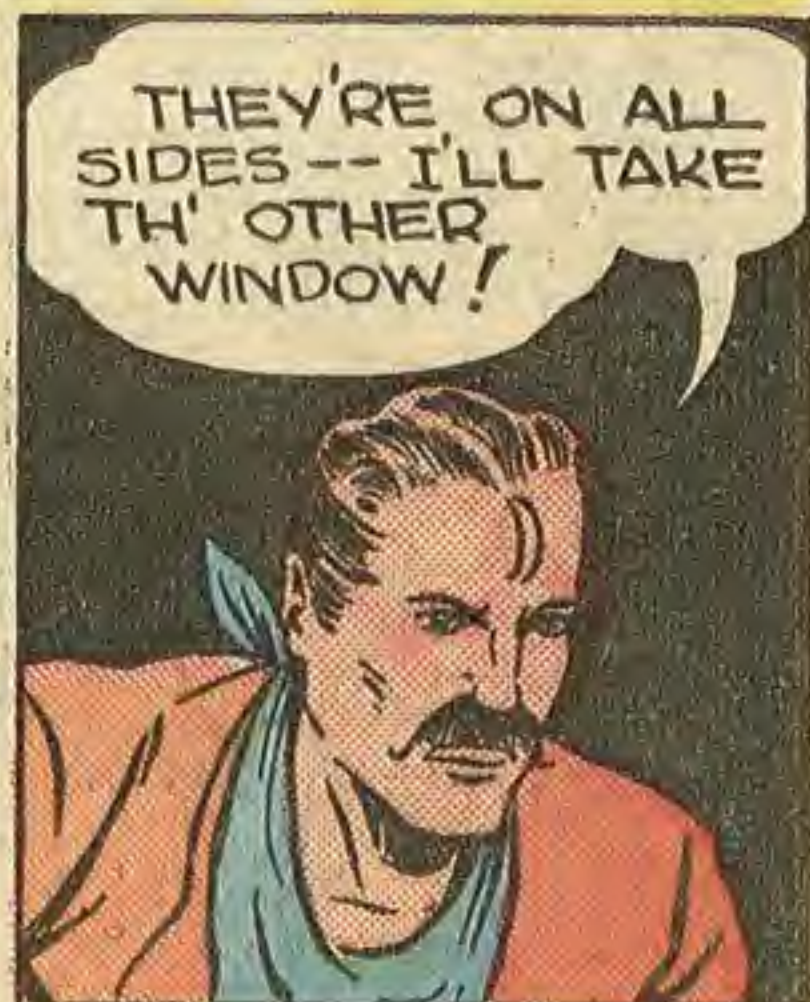
NOT NOW,
SON--SOMEDAY,
--MAYBE--



THERE THEY BE, SARAH--
GIVE 'EM BOTH
BARRELS--



AND OUTSIDE, CONCEALED AMONG
THE ROCKS, THE BLACK GANG SNIPERS
FIRE AWAY AT THE CABIN--



THEY'RE ON ALL
SIDES-- I'LL TAKE
TH' OTHER
WINDOW!



UGH!-- CLEM--
THEY-- SHOT--
ME--!!



SARAH-- SARAH--
TH' DIRTY VARMINTS,
THEY----- MY
SARAH--!!

G-CLEM--



--I'LL GET 'EM FOR
THIS-- I'LL GET 'EM--
--EVERY ONE OF
'EM--

BLIND
WITH
GRIEF
AND
RAGE,
CLEM
GALLEN
RUSHES
OUTSIDE
AND IS
AN EASY
TARGET
FOR
BLACK'S
GUNMEN--



AHHHHH!



OKAY, BOYS-- STOP SHOOTIN'--
WE GOT 'EM ALL-- HE WOULDN'T
COME OUT LIKE THAT, IF WE
DIDN'T GET HIS WIFE AN' KID--
C'MON, LET'S
GIT BACK
TUH
TOWN--



-TOMORROW WE KIN
COME OUT HERE--THEN
RIDE BACK AN' REPORT
OUR FINDIN'S TUH TH'
SHERIFF--



MEANWHILE, IN THE HATCH
BELOW THE FLOOR--

GEE, IT'S QUIET-- I'LL
BET PAW SCARED 'EM
ALL AWAY-- I'LL GO UP
-AN'
SEE--



MOTHER!!--
DAD!!!--

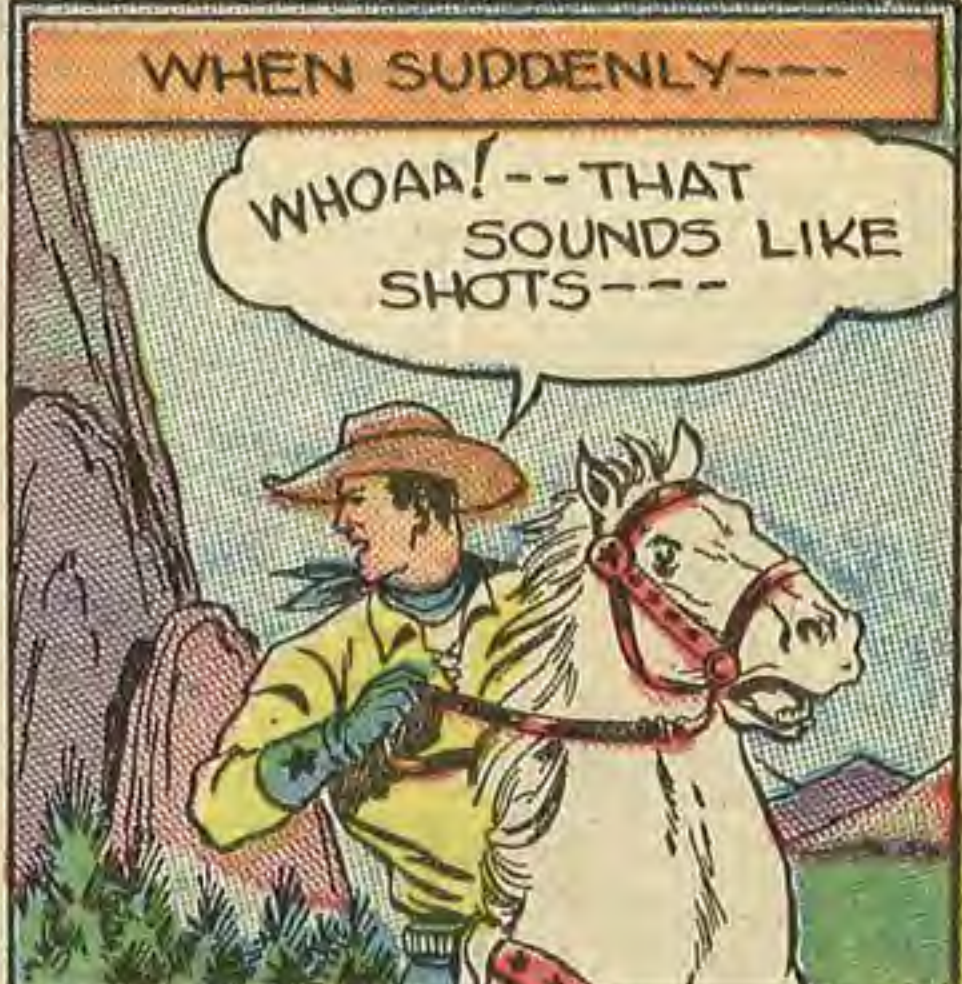


SNIFF!-- I'LL GET 'EM
FOR YOU, DAD--- I'LL
MAKE 'EM SORRY THEY
DID THIS TUH YOU AN'
MAW--- SNIFF-SNIFF--

HIS WORK
DONE, AND
NOTHING
TO KEEP
HIM
AT THE
LITTLE
CABIN,
DONNY
GALLENT
RIDES OUT
INTO THE
WORLD
ALONE--



AND
NOW,
TEN YEARS
LATER,
DON
GALLENT,
KNOWN
AS THE
LONE STAR
RIDER,
APPROACHES
THE
TOWN OF
SAGE--



WHEN SUDDENLY---

WHOOA!-- THAT
SOUNDS LIKE
SHOTS---

THE LONE STAR RIDER
CLIMBS TO A HIGH POINT
FOR A BETTER VIEW--



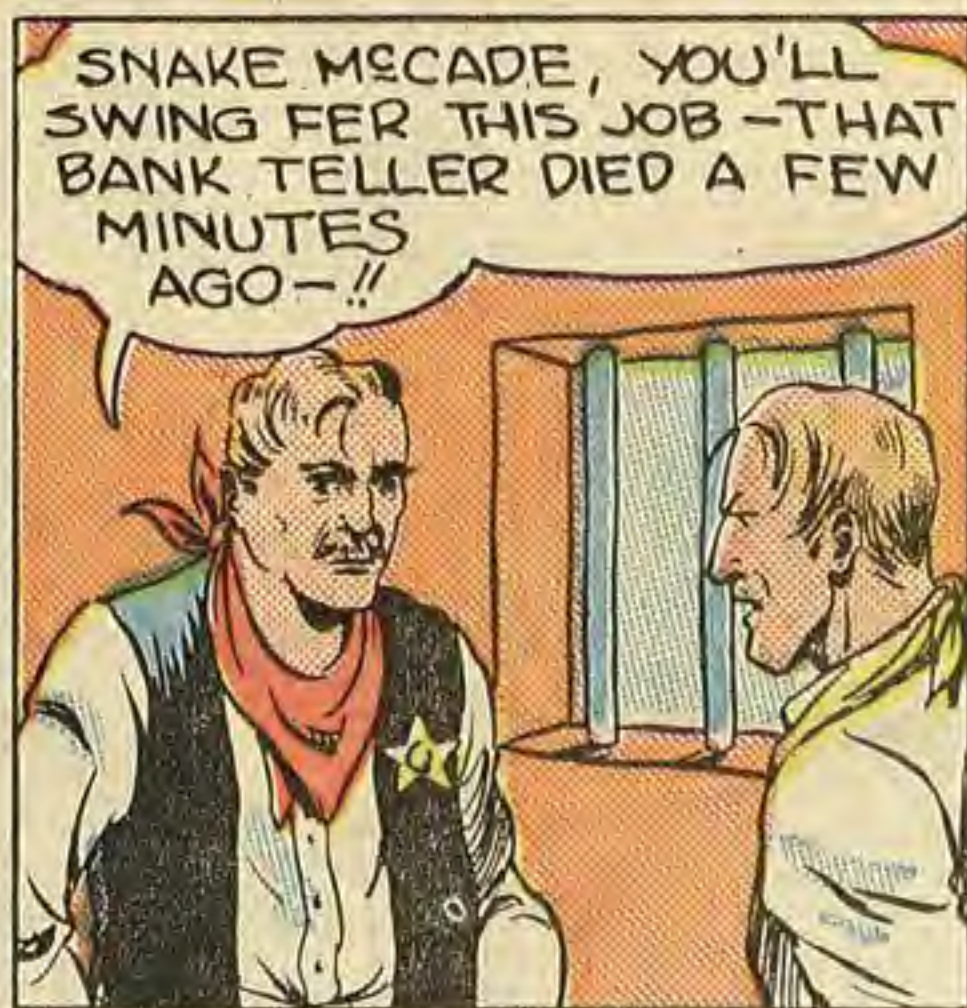
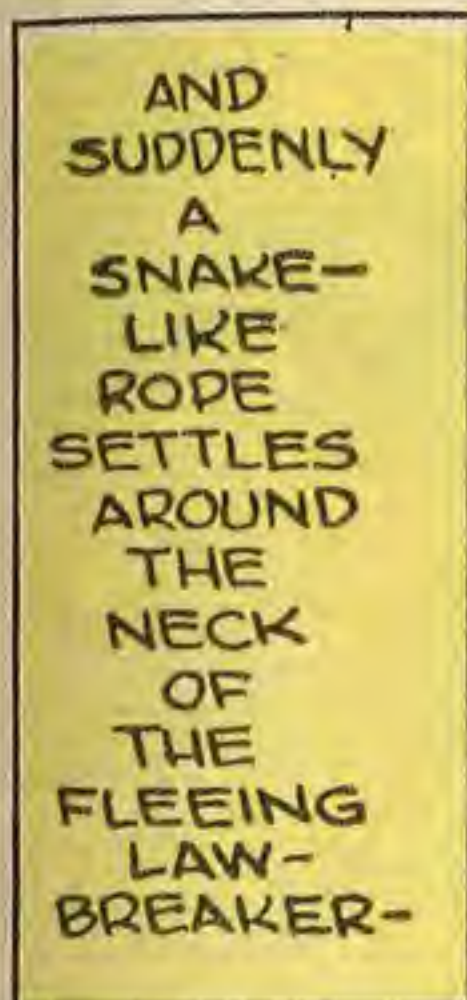
HMM-- SOME
MASKED DEVIL,
BEIN' CHASED
BY TH'
LAW--



LET'S GO,
LIGHT'NIN'--!!



AS THE LONE STAR RIDER
QUICKLY CLOSES THE GAP
BETWEEN THEM, THE
BANDIT TURNS AND
FIRES ON
HIM--

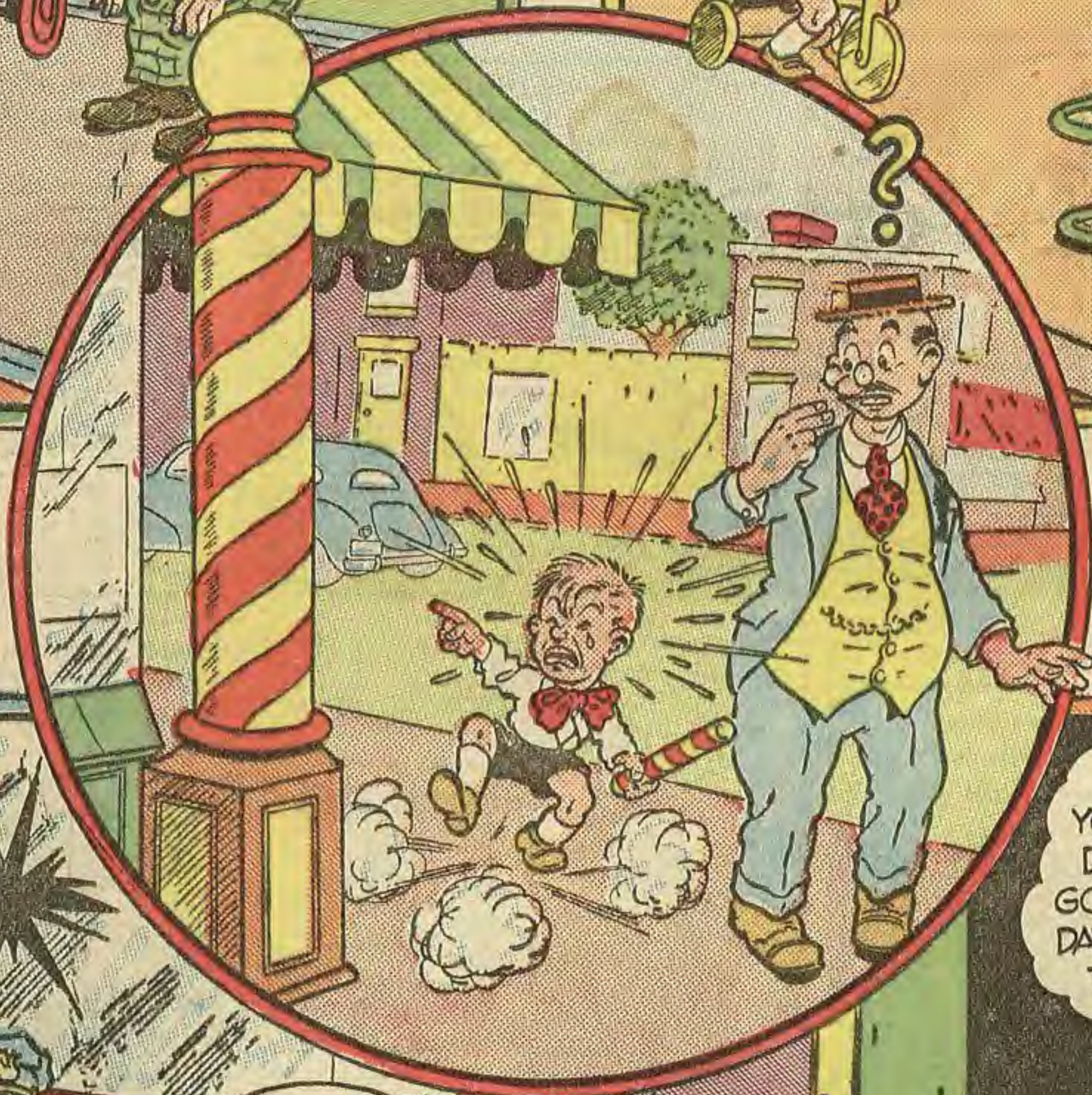


HOW LONG YA
IN FOR,
BUDDY?

SMALL STUFF

by
Devlin

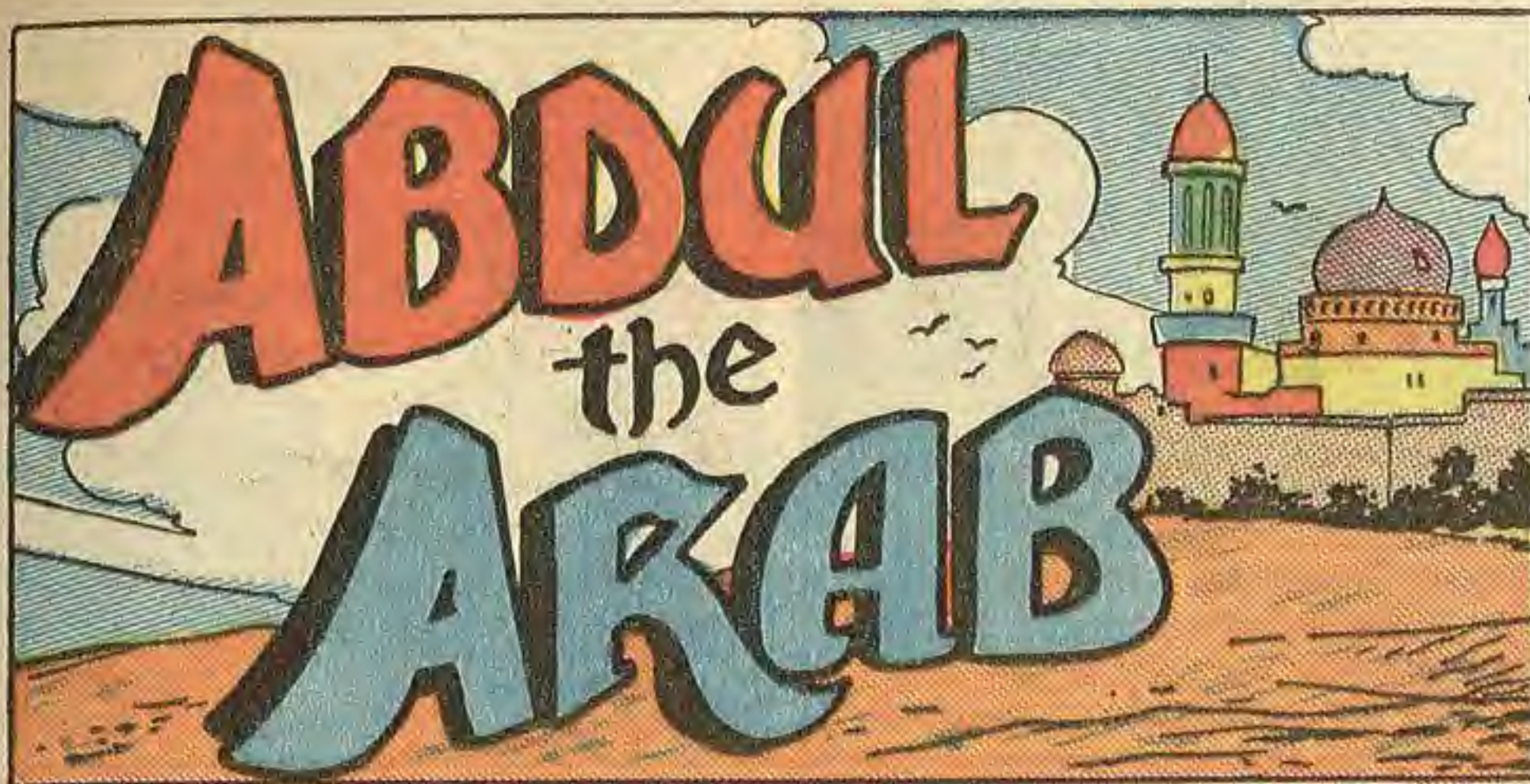
HUH -
YOU MIGHT
KNOW -
A WOMAN
DRIVER!



HEY! WILL
YOU TWO PIPE
DOWN - I'VE
GOT A HARD
DAY IN SCHOOL
TOMORROW!

GO AHEAD -
TAKE THE RAP -
WE'LL SPRING
YA!

ABDUL the ARAB



BAGDAD - WHERE ITS NEVER-ENDING WONDER OF SEETHING ACTIVITY REFLECTS THE GLORIES OF THE PAST - AND ITS STREETS FLOW WITH A CAVALCADE OF DAZZLING COLOR



THROUGH THE BROAD ARCH OF THE GATEWAY, ABDUL, THE SON OF ALI BEY, RODE ASTRIDE THE FINEST MOUNT OF ARABIA

--TO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH POLICE.



INSPECTOR WEBLEY, YOU HAVE SENT FOR ME?

ABDUL! I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE!



I HAVE A DANGEROUS MISSION FOR YOU. THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING IN THE NATIVE QUARTER OF BAGDAD AND MY MEN ARE TOO WELL KNOWN TO LEARN ANYTHING!



THE DISTINGUISHED COLLEAGUE SPEAKS WITH THE FEAR OF REVOLT IN HIS VOICE!

EXACTLY!



IF YOU WORK WITH ME YOUR LIFE WILL BE CONSTANTLY IN DANGER BUT THE FATE OF YOUR ENTIRE RACE MAY DEPEND UPON IT. THE CHOICE IS YOURS!



I SHALL DO AS MY FATHER, YOUR OLD FRIEND, WOULD DO - I ACCEPT!

GOOD! HERE ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS-



IT IS DARK WHEN ABDUL LEAVES AND ALREADY HIDDEN EYES ARE WATCHING HIM...

AS HE PASSES A DARK ARCH-WAY, THE GLINT OF STEEL CAUSES HIM TO WHIRL!





THE TWISTING FIGURES PROVE A POOR TARGET AND ONE OF THE ASSASSINS FALLS UNDER THE KNIFE OF HIS OWN COMPANION..



NAY ! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE !



TELL ME WHY YOU ATTEMPTED TO KILL ME, DOG, OR YOU DIE !



WHAT IS THIS ? THE FOOL HAS SWALLOWED POISON - NOW HE WILL NEVER TELL !



THEY KNOW ME ! I MUST DISGUISE MYSELF OR I WILL NOT LIVE TO SEE THE DAWN !



IN A BAZAAR OF THE NATIVE QUARTER, A BROWN-SKINNED GIRL DANCED TO THE RYTHM OF ORIENTAL MUSIC .



NO ONE SUSPECTED THAT THE GRIMY ONE ENTERING THE DOOR WAS ABDUL THE ARAB .



COME, MY PRETTY ONE, DRINK WITH ME !

LET GO OF ME, O BROTHER OF A PIG !



AS A RESULT OF ABDUL'S ACTION THE ROOM BECAME AN INFERNO OF CURSING, FIGHTING MEN



QUICK ! WE MUST FLEE !

THIS WAY- TO THE STAIRS !



AFTER THE DOG !

CUT HIS HEART OUT !



GET HIM !
GET HIM !!



WE'RE TRAPPED !
THEY'RE COMING !



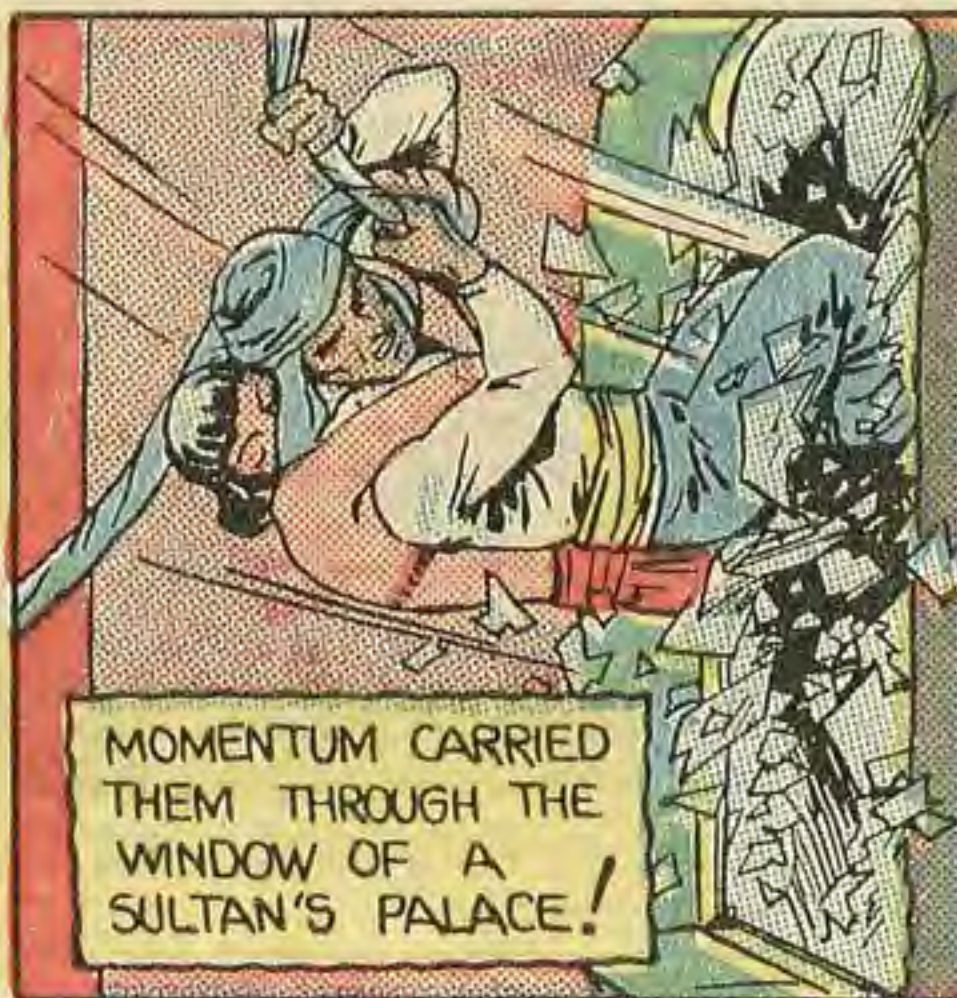
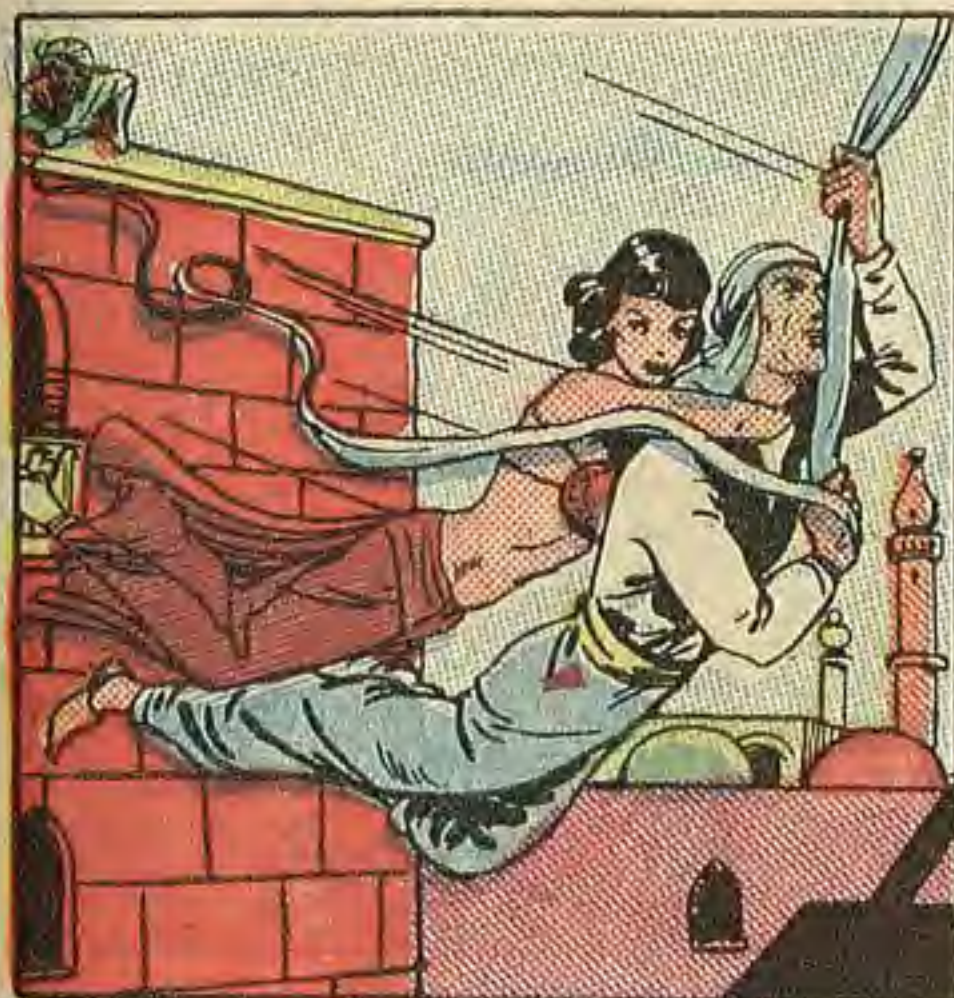
A SILKEN CORD -
WE MAY YET
BE SAVED !!



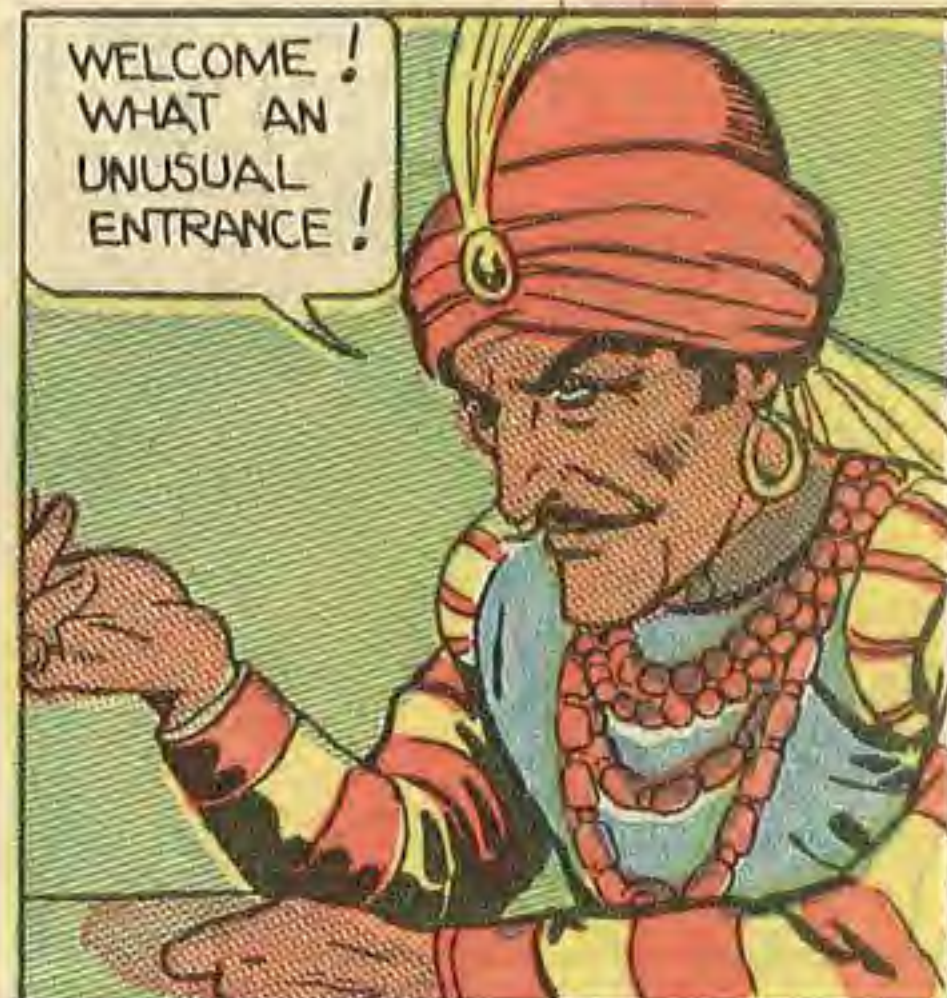
WITH THE GIRL CLINGING TO
HIS BACK, ABDUL STARTED
HIS DESPERATE TASK ...



BUT FROM ABOVE A GLEAMING
KNIFE SLICES THROUGH THE
SILKEN STRANDS !



MOMENTUM CARRIED
THEM THROUGH THE
WINDOW OF A
SULTAN'S PALACE !



WELCOME !
WHAT AN
UNUSUAL
ENTRANCE !



DO NOT BE IN
SUCH HASTE TO
LEAVE, MY FRIENDS



AH ! SIVA, THE BEAUTIFUL
DANCING GIRL ! - NOW, THROW
THEM BOTH INTO PRISON !

SIDDI BEN
YUSUF !

AT THE SULTAN'S SIGNAL
THE ROOM FILLED WITH GUARDS



IN WITH THEM!



WHO ARE YOU? WHY DID YOU TRY TO PROTECT ME?

SHHHHH! SOMEONE COMES!



AH! FAIR FLOWER, THOU ART INDEED TOO LOVELY TO REMAIN IN THIS VILE PRISON!



LONG HAVE I ADMIRERD THY CHARMS - COME, YOU SHALL BE MY BRIDE!



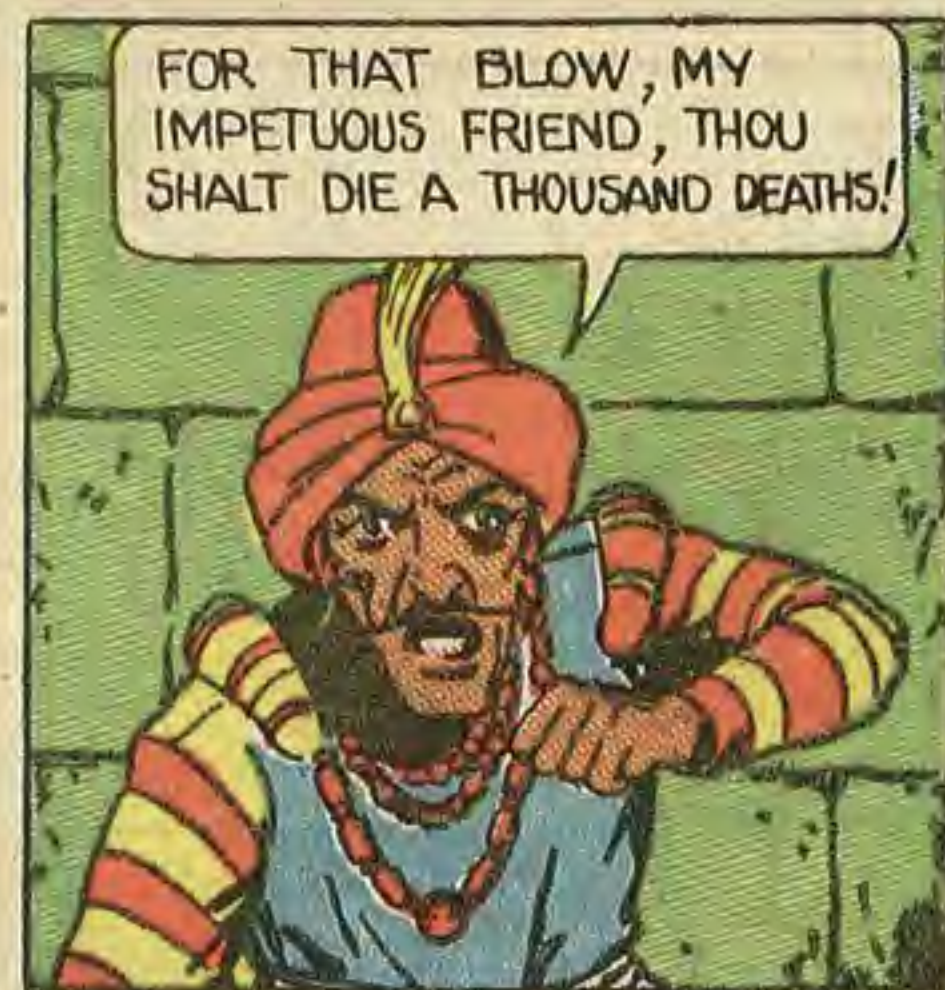
DAUGHTER OF A TIGER, I SHALL TEACH THEE TO STRIKE THY MASTER!



REMOVE YOUR FILTHY HANDS FROM HER!



POWERFUL GUARDS SEIZED THE ENRAGED ABDUL...



FOR THAT BLOW, MY IMPETUOUS FRIEND, THOU SHALT DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS!



ALLAH HAVE MERCY UPON THEE, MOST NOBLE FRIEND, FOR THE SULTAN SURELY WILL NOT!

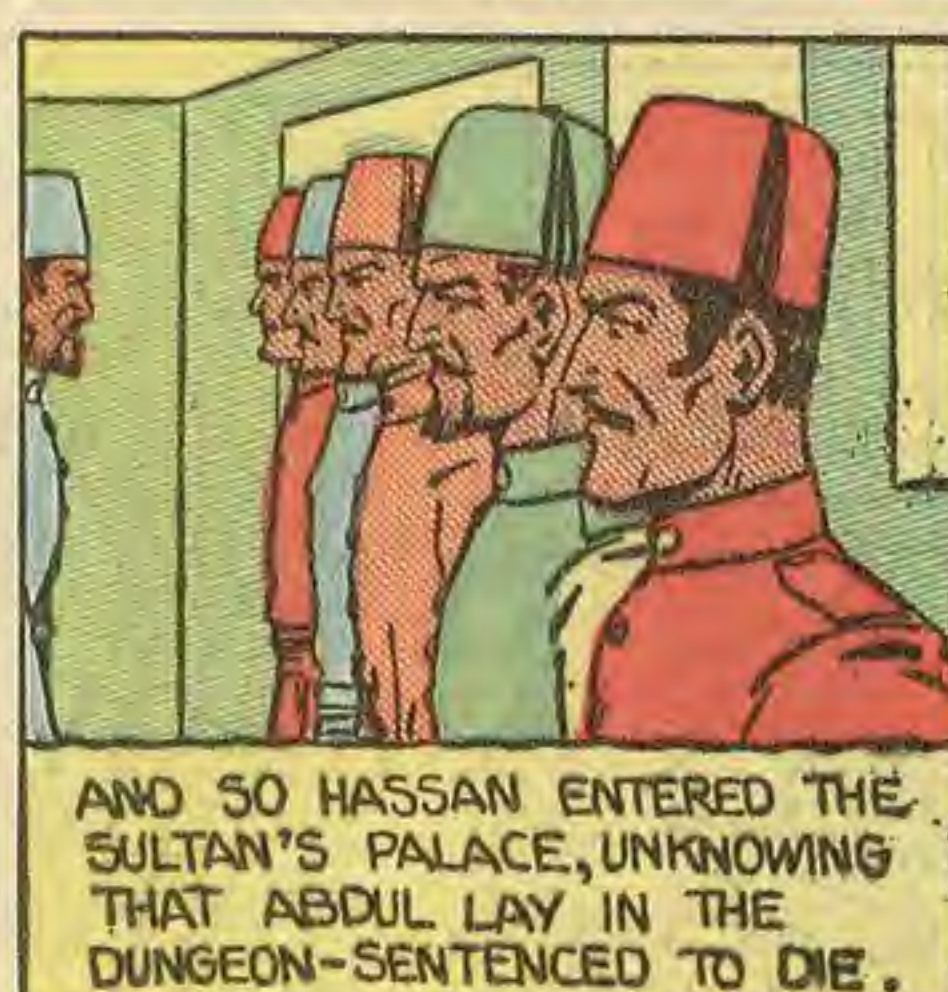
GRIEVE NOT! ABDUL ISN'T DEAD YET!



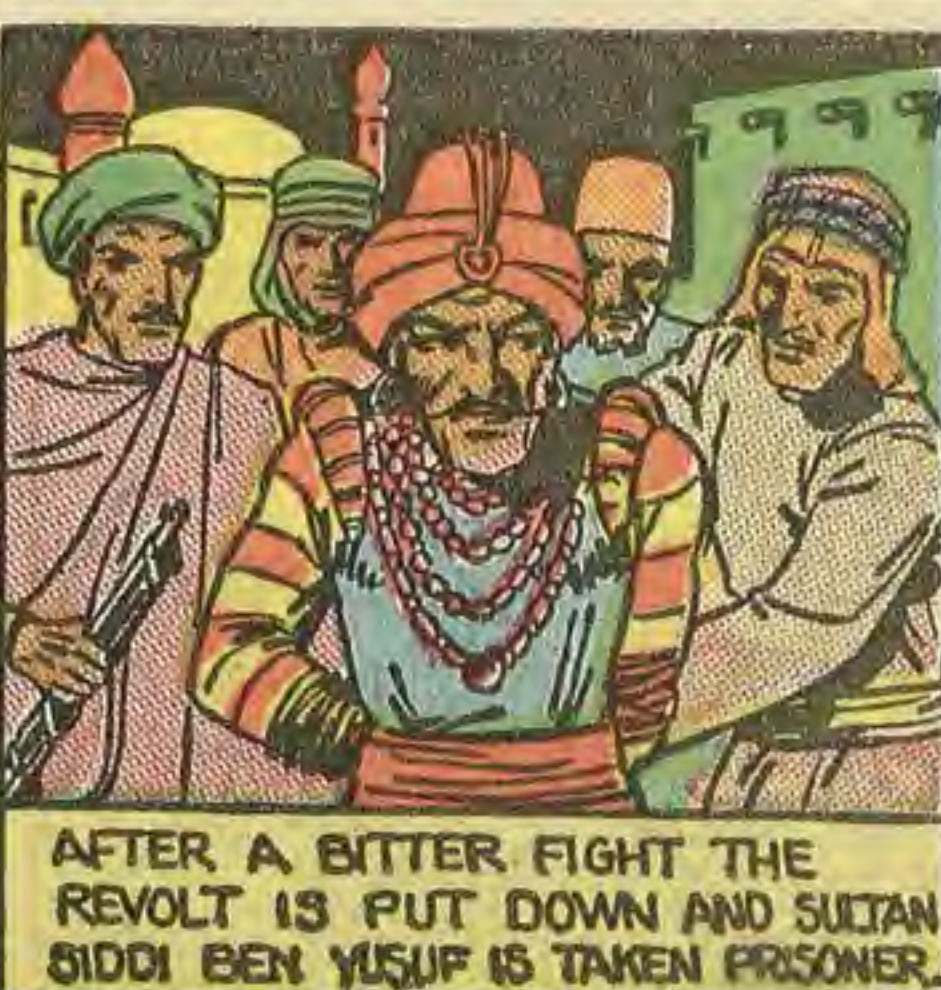
MEANWHILE, IN A NATIVE BAZAAR, HASSAN, ABDUL'S INSEPARABLE COMPANION, SITS WAITING



THE MASTER IS READY -- FOLLOW ME!







Follow Abdul The Arab In the October issue of SMASH COMICS.





SPORTraits

—ERNIE—
LOMBARDI

—CATCHER FOR THE
CINCINNATI REDS—



ERNIE WAS THE
NATIONAL LEAGUE
BATTING CHAMP
FOR 1938

I GUESS HE FORGOT TO
UNLOCK HIS "INTERLOCKING
GRIP" WHEN HE THREW
AWAY THE BAT!



LOMBARDI INTERLOCKS THE
"PINKY" OF HIS RIGHT HAND
WITH THE INDEX FINGER OF
HIS LEFT HAND WHEN HE
GRIPS THE BAT...



—GILL
FOX—

ERNIE IS KNOWN
FOR THE EXTREMELY
HARD SWING HE
TAKES AT THE BALL—
ONE OF THE REASONS
WHY HE HAS A
HIGH BATTING
AVERAGE



HE IS A BIG FELLOW, BUT DESPITE
HIS SIZE HE'S AS QUICK AS A CAT ON HIS FEET.
THIS, COMBINED WITH HIS ABILITY TO CATCH A
RUNNER OFF BASE, A TRICK AT WHICH HE IS VERY
ADEPT, MAKES HIM ONE OF THE OUTSTANDING
CATCHERS IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE!

HUGH HAZZARD

AND HIS

IRON MAN

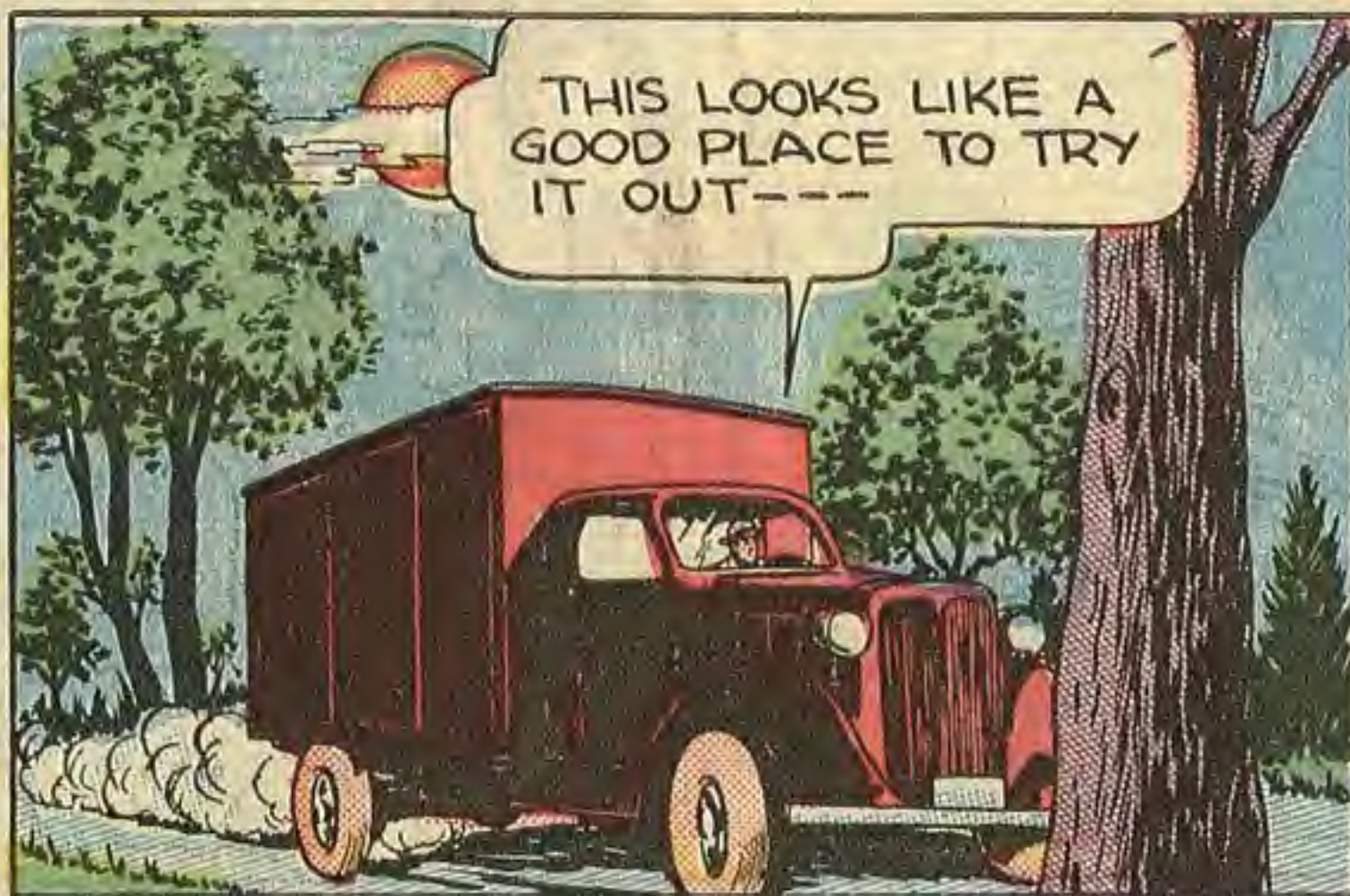
by WAYNE REID.



ACCORDING TO THESE FIGURES AND DIAGRAMS, THIS FLYING DEVICE SHOULD WORK IN THE ROBOT--AND TONIGHT I'LL GIVE IT ITS FIRST TRIAL!



AND THAT NIGHT, HAZZARD DRIVES A HIRED TRUCK TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY--

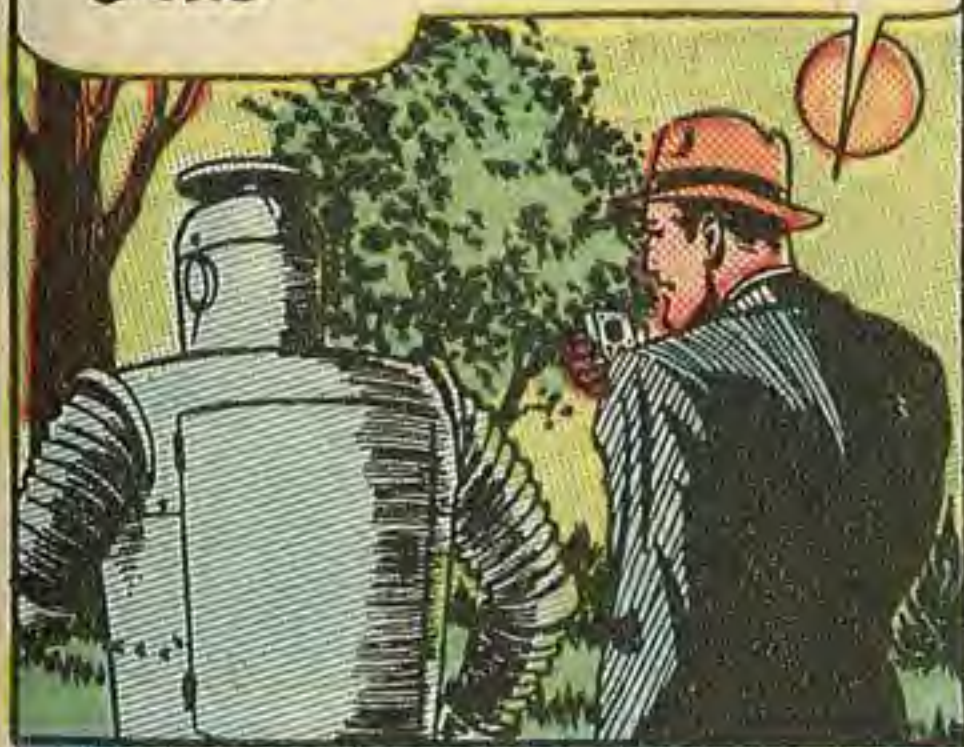


THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO TRY IT OUT---

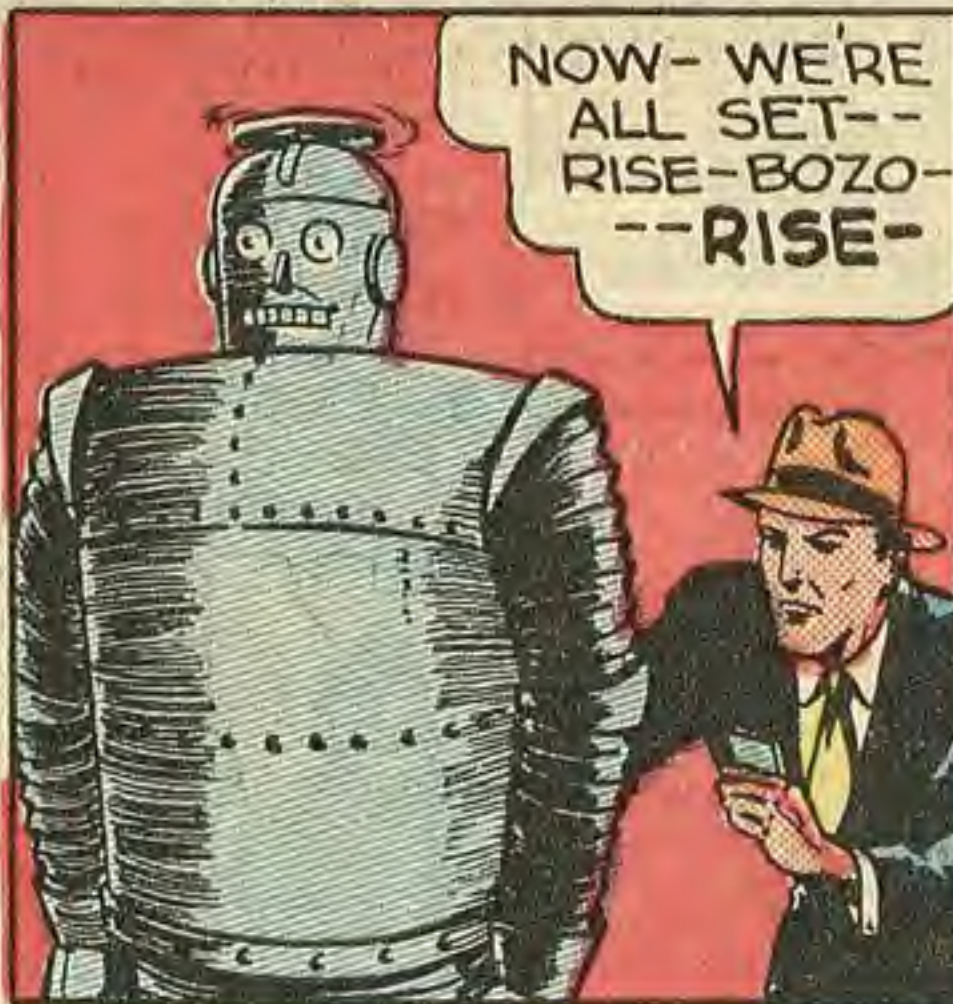
COME--
OUT--
BOZO--



I HOPE ALL THESE NEW GADGETS I'VE ADDED TO YOU WORK!-- COME--HERE--BOZO--



NOW-- WE'RE ALL SET-- RISE--BOZO-- RISE--

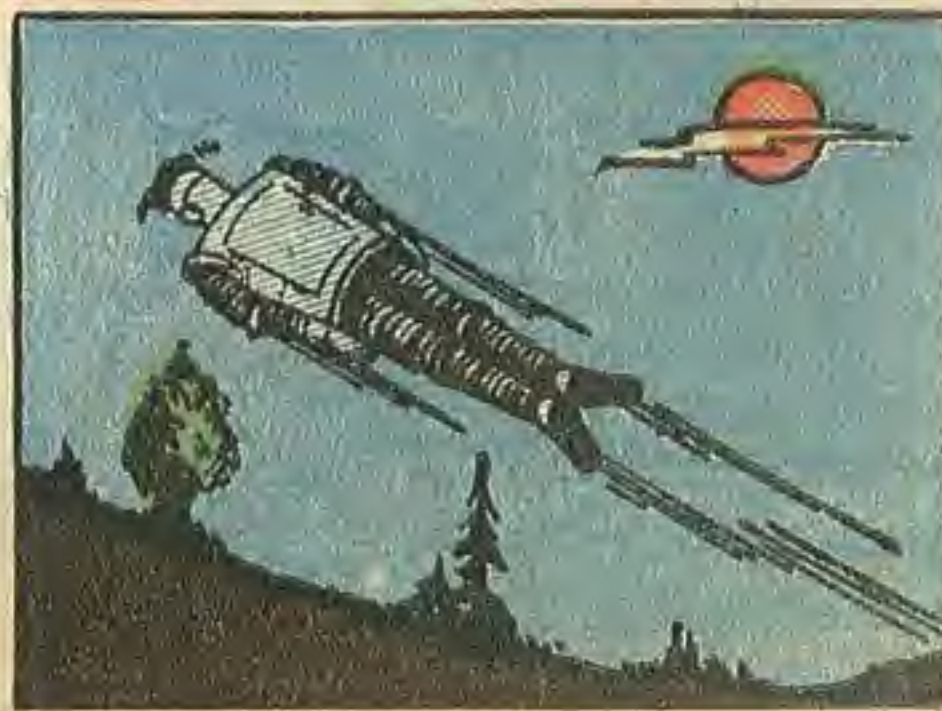


THAT'S FUNNY--IT WON'T MOVE--OH-- I FORGOT TO TURN ON THE CONTACT SWITCH-- RISE--BOZO--



IT WORKS!

AND BY MOVING THE SPEED CONTROL, THE ROBOT MOVES FASTER AND FASTER THROUGH SPACE---



TURN-AROUND-AND-COME-BACK-- WELL, I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IT GETTING FROM PLACE TO PLACE, NOW



I'LL TAKE BOZO HOME AND RETURN THIS TRUCK- THEN I'LL GO OVER AND SEE COMMISSIONER HUNT-- I WONDER WHAT HE'LL SAY, WHEN I TELL HIM THE ROBOT ISN'T AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA AS HE THINKS-



MEANWHILE, A MAN QUIETLY ENTERS THE HOME OF A PROMINENT BANKER---



TAKE IT EASY, TOOTS-- AN' YOU WON'T GET HURT!



AND AT THE SAME TIME IN THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER HUNT--

-I KNOW I SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN IT WITHOUT YOUR CONSENT COMMISSIONER, BUT--



THERE'S NO BUTS ABOUT IT, HUGH-

-THAT THING'S SPREAD MORE TERROR AND CAUSED ME MORE WORRY THAN ANY GANG OF THIEVES I'VE EVER RUN DOWN-



-IT'S GOT TO BE DESTROYED!

CAN'T YOU SEE THAT IN THE RIGHT HANDS IT WOULD BE INVALUABLE AS AN AID IN FIGHTING CRIME--



THERE'S NO USE ARGUING, HUGH, I WON'T PERMIT YOU TO HAVE IT!

OKAY-

HEY, CHIEF--



-ALVIN HILTON, THE BANKER IS OUTSIDE, AN' HE WANTS TO SEE YOU-

SEND HIM IN, RYAN-

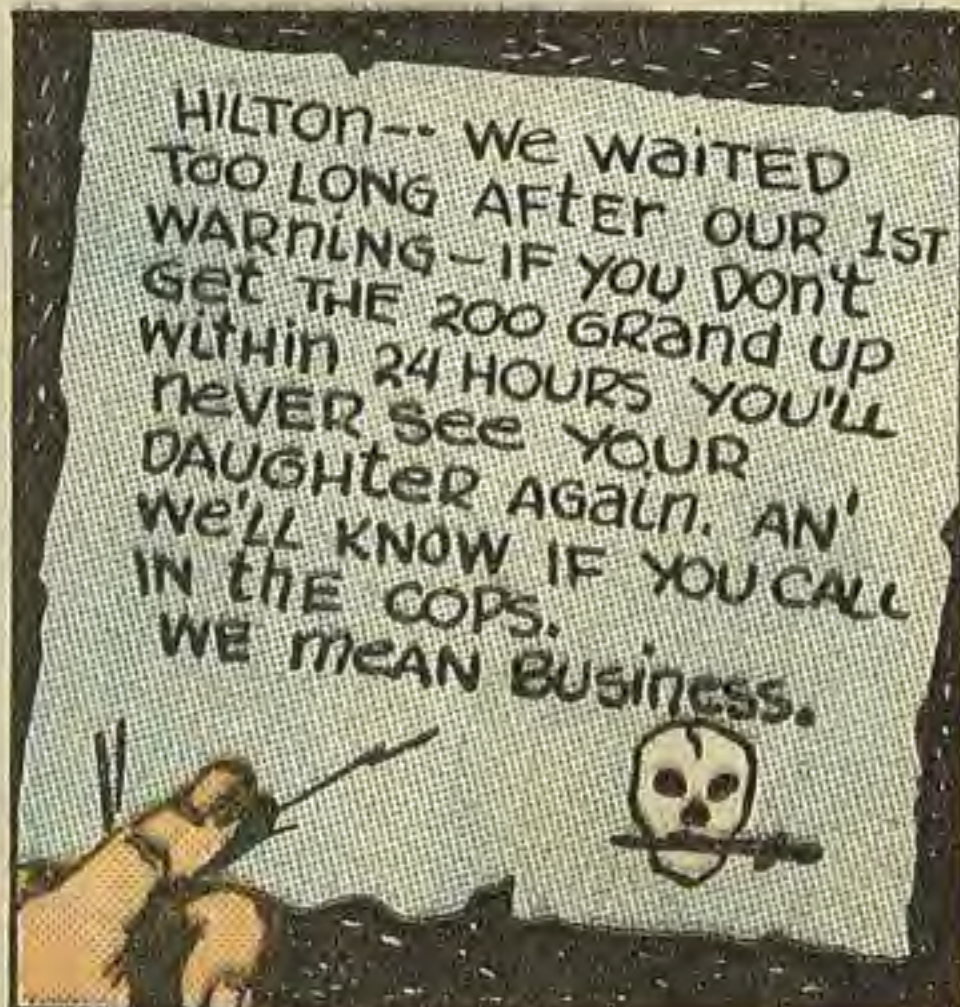


COMMISSIONER HUNT-- MY DAUGHTER HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED--AND I FOUND THIS NOTE--

CALM YOURSELF, MR. HILTON-- SIT DOWN AND LET ME SEE THE NOTE--

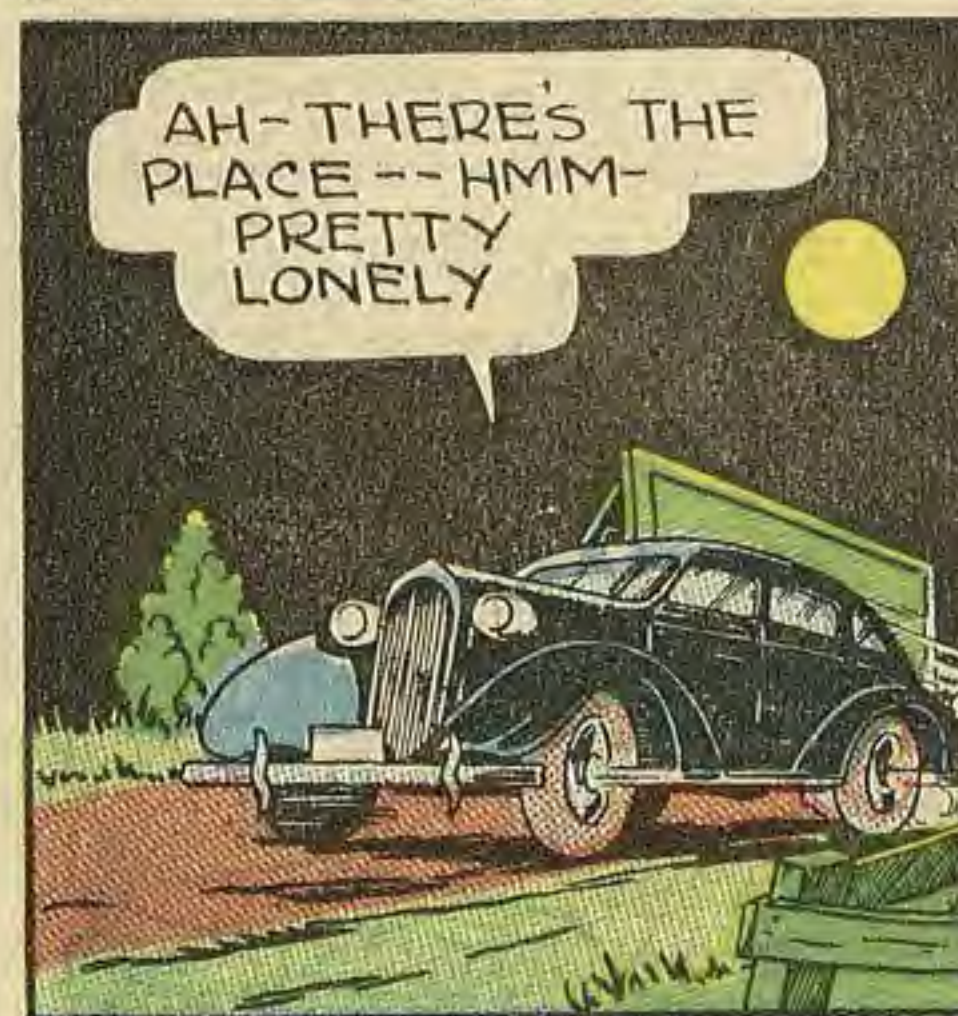


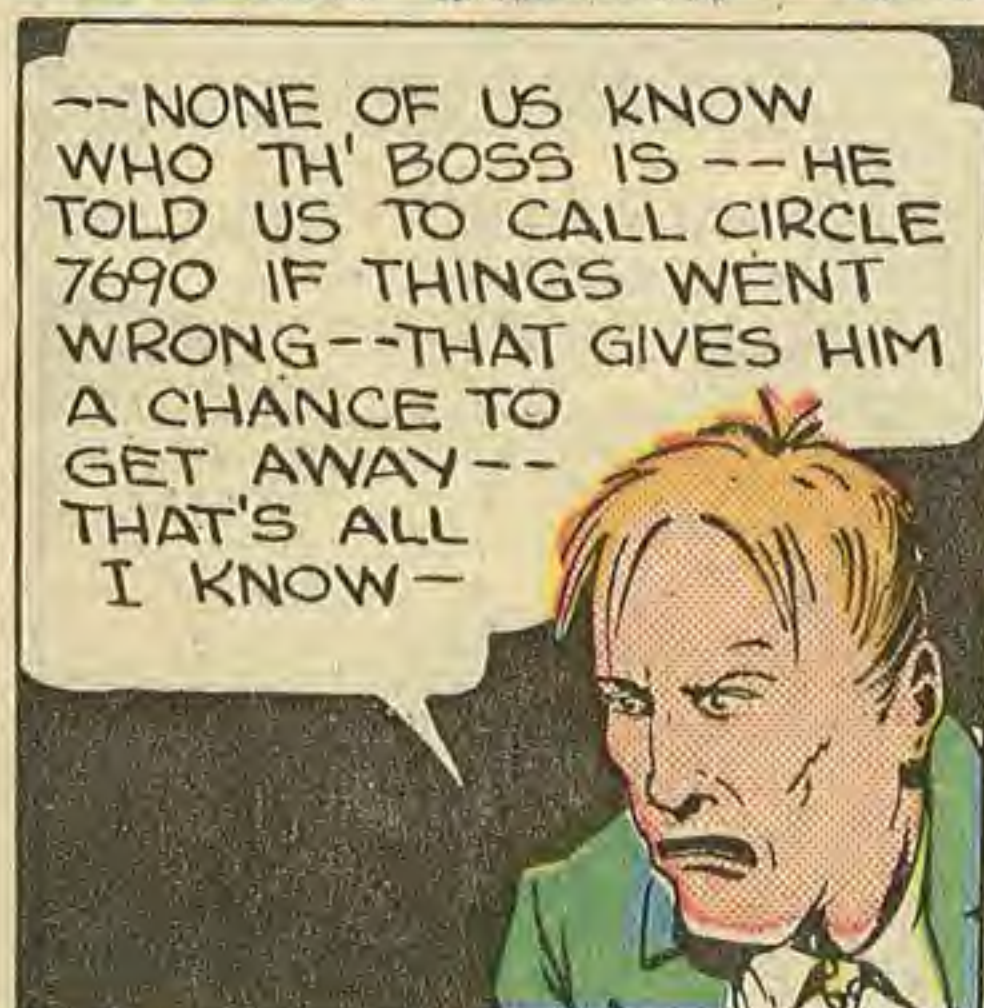
HILTON-- We waited too long after our 1st warning-- if you don't get the 200 grand up within 24 hours you'll never see your daughter again. An' we'll know if you call in the cops. We mean business.





MEANWHILE HUGH HAS ARRIVED AT THE HILTON HOME





AT THE SAME TIME THE LEADER OF THE KIDNAP GANG APPROACHES BUSH AIRPORT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY-



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE NOSE OF THE GANGSTER'S PLANE IS POINTED SOUTH---



WHILE BACK AT THE AIRPORT, HUGH HAS AROUSED THE ATTENDANT---

I WANT TO HIRE A PLANE IMMEDIATELY-



SORRY, SIR- THEY'RE ALL SHIPPED TO BIRD FIELD FOR THE RACES TOMORROW-



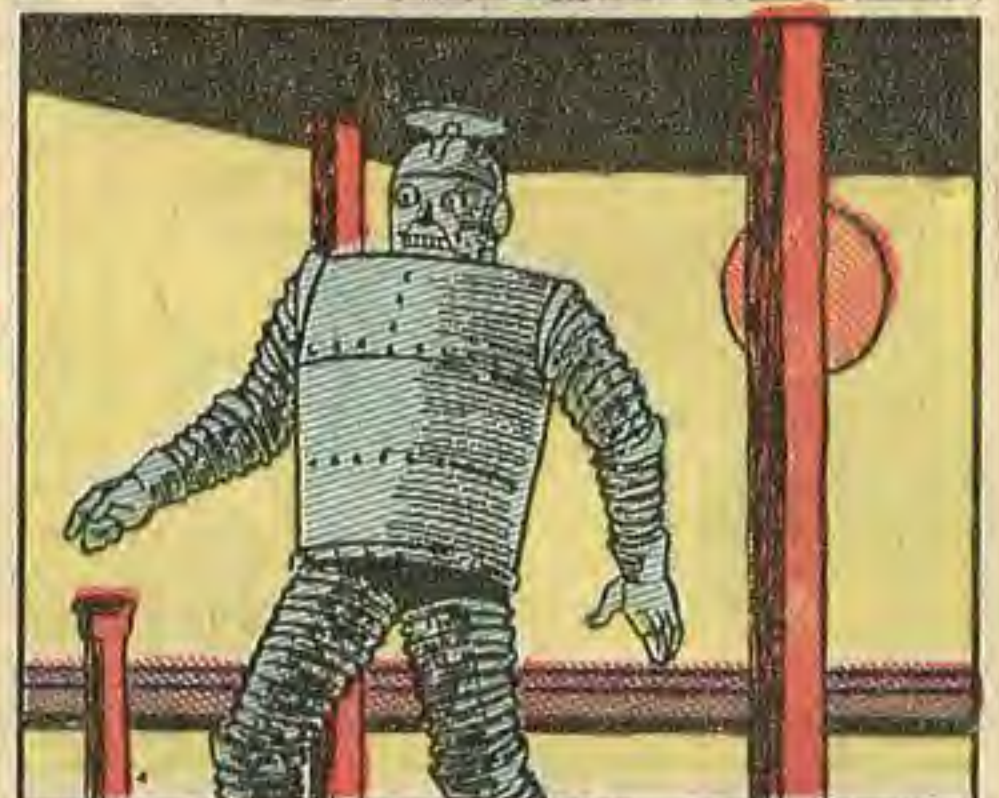
I COULD HAVE ONE HERE FOR YOU IN TWO HOURS, SIR!



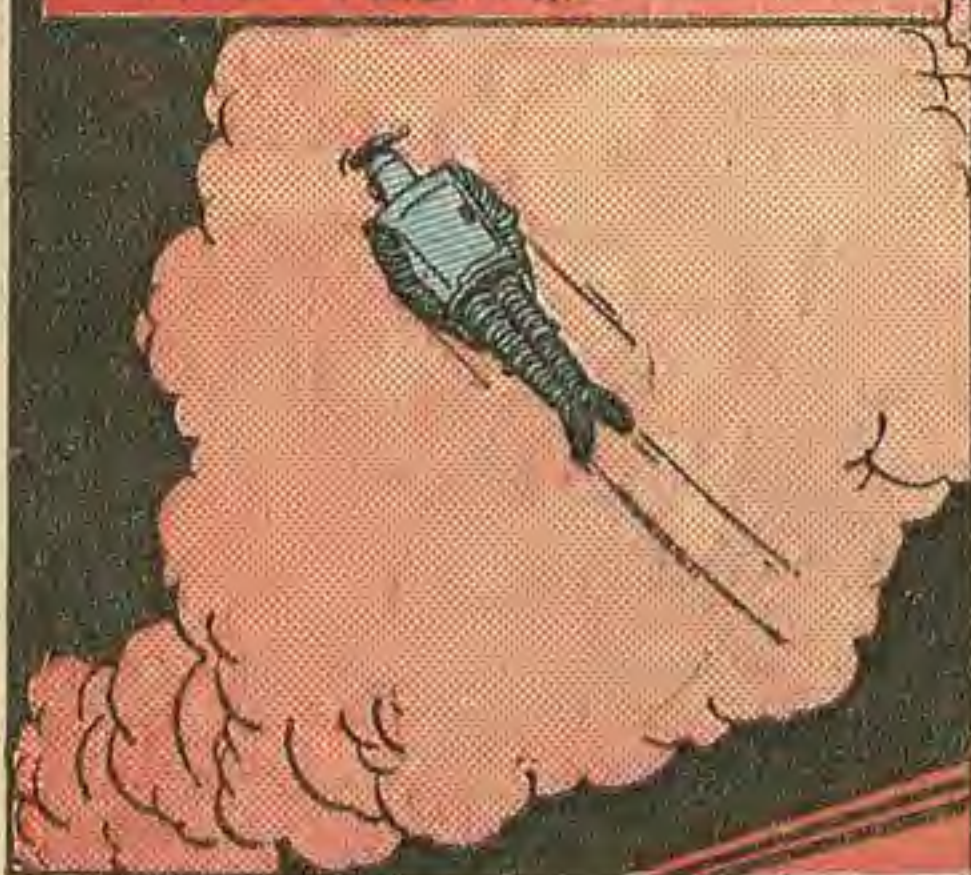
NO-NO, THAT WOULD BE TOO LATE-- I'VE ANOTHER PLAN---



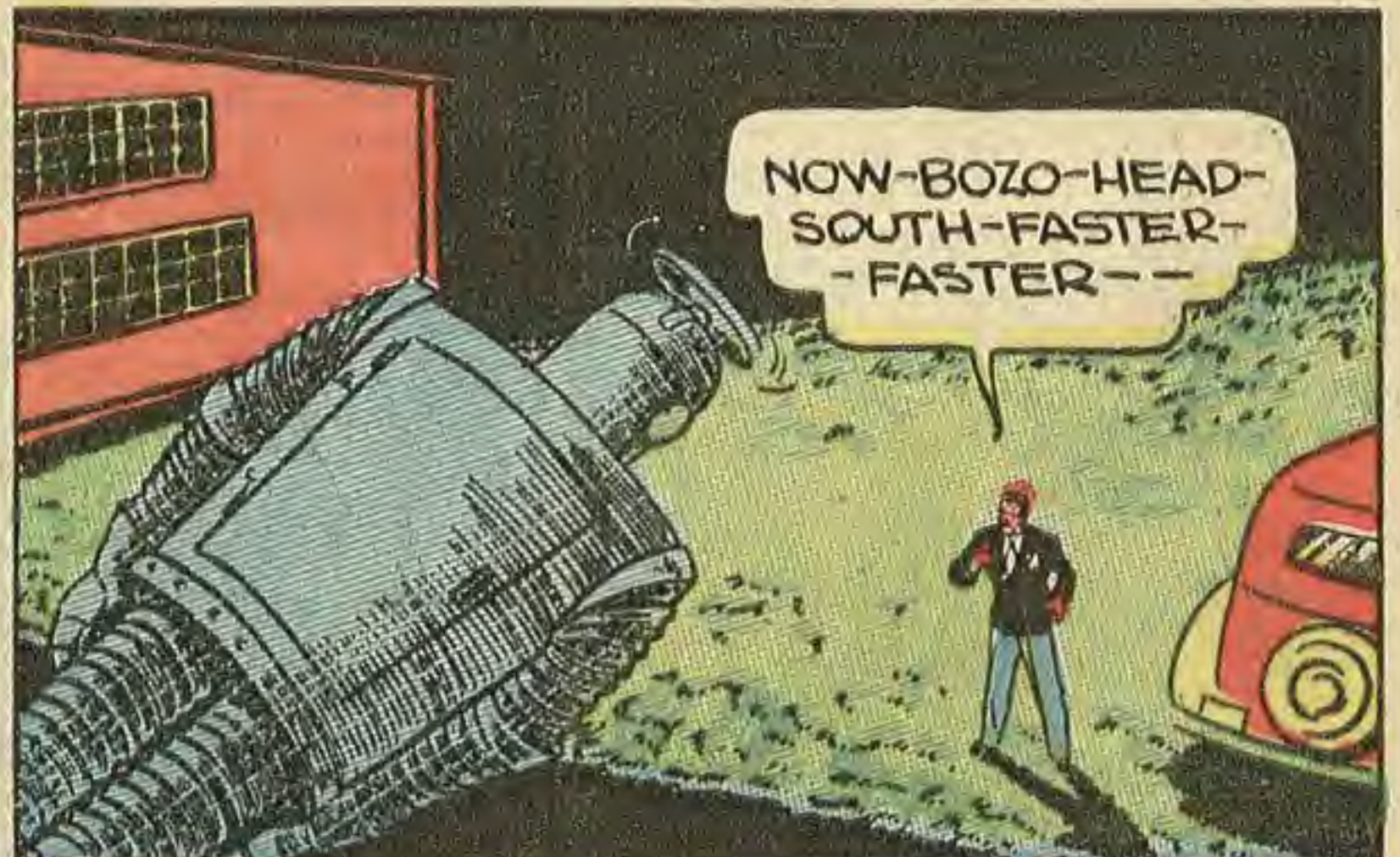
AND THE ROBOT, ON THE ROOF OF HUGH'S HOME BEGINS TO MOVE-



--THEN SLOWLY RISES INTO THE AIR---



TEN MINUTES LATER IT CIRCLES THE AIR-PORT



GUIDED BY REMOTE CONTROL AND RADIO BEAMS, THE ROBOT IS SOON IN SIGHT OF THE FUGITIVE PLANE-

HMM-THAT'S FUNNY- I FEEL LIKE I'M BEIN' FOLLOWED- I'D BETTER MAKE SURE--



I-AM---! WHAT TH'!



MEANWHILE, COMMISSIONER HUNT HAS ARRIVED AT THE FLYING FIELD---

YOU SAY THE GANG LEADER ESCAPED IN A PLANE?

YES, BUT I'LL GET HIM-- CIGARETTE, COMMISSIONER

SAY, ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU SAY YOU'LL GET HIM AND YOU WANT TO STAND AROUND, AND SMOKE-- LET'S GET GOING!

DON'T BE IMPATIENT, COMMISSIONER-- GET-- HIM-- BOZO-- GET-- HIM--

OH-- THE ROBOT, EH??

CONTROLLED BY HUGH'S BROADCAST INSTRUCTIONS, BOZO BOARDS THE AIRPLANE.

GET OFF-- YOU-- YOU-- GET OFF!!

AND THE ADDED WEIGHT OF THE ROBOT, SENDS THE PLANE EARTH-WARD--

WHILE BACK AT THE FLYING FIELD---

LOOK, HUGH-- AN EXPLOSION-- I GUESS THE ROBOT'S WEIGHT WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE SHIP AND CAUSED IT TO CRASH--

BOOM!

--WELL, THAT SAVES ME THE TROUBLE OF DESTROYING IT---

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT-- BOZO-- COME-BACK-- COME-BACK--

AND SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE MOON--

LOOK-- COMMISSIONER--

WELL, I'LL BE--

THE ROBOT BRINGS THE GANG LEADER DOWN AND DEPOSITS HIM IN FRONT OF COMMISSIONER HUNT--

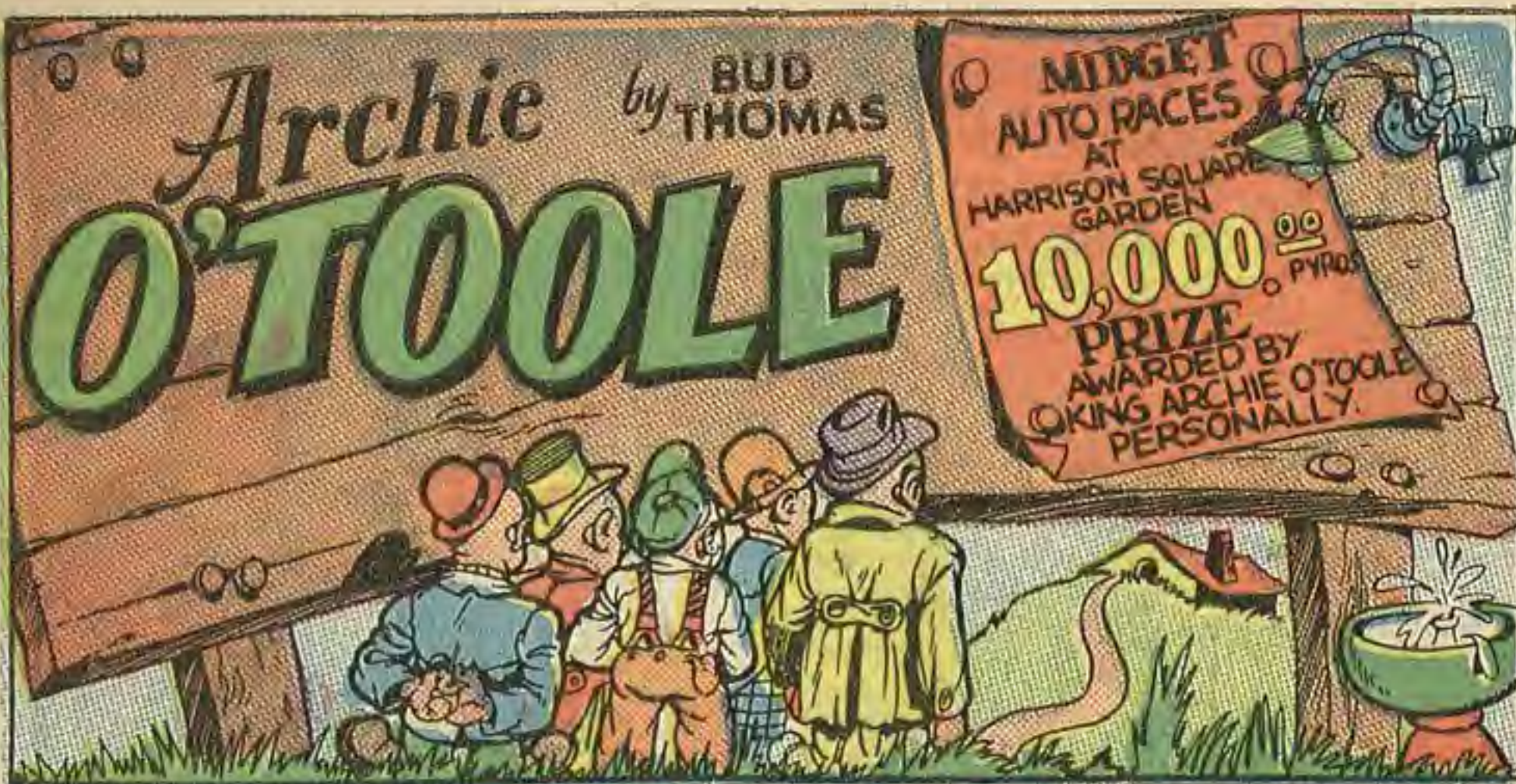
WELL--IT'S MR. GYP" CATRONE-- AND I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET SOMETHING ON YOU FOR MONTHS--

I-I'LL CONFESS, B-BUT DON'T LET THAT THING NEAR ME AGAIN-- IT AIN'T HUMAN!

NICE WORK, BOZO-- NOW I'LL SEND YOU HOME--

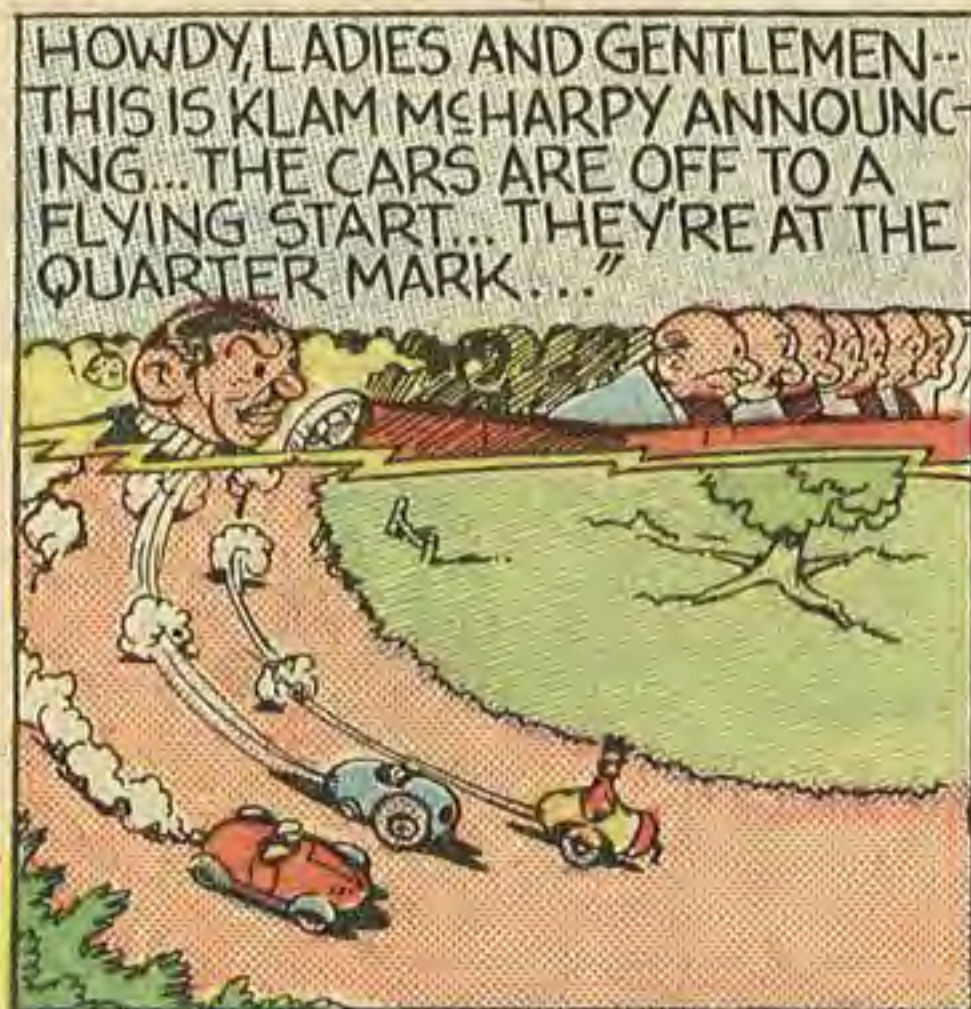
HUGH--AFTER SEEING THE ROBOT WORK TONIGHT, I AM CONVINCED IT IS INVALUABLE IN FIGHTING CRIME--KEEP IT--AND GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, COMMISSIONER--



MEANWHILE, IN A SECRET HIDE-AWAY, OL' GIL O'TEEN IS AT WORK...



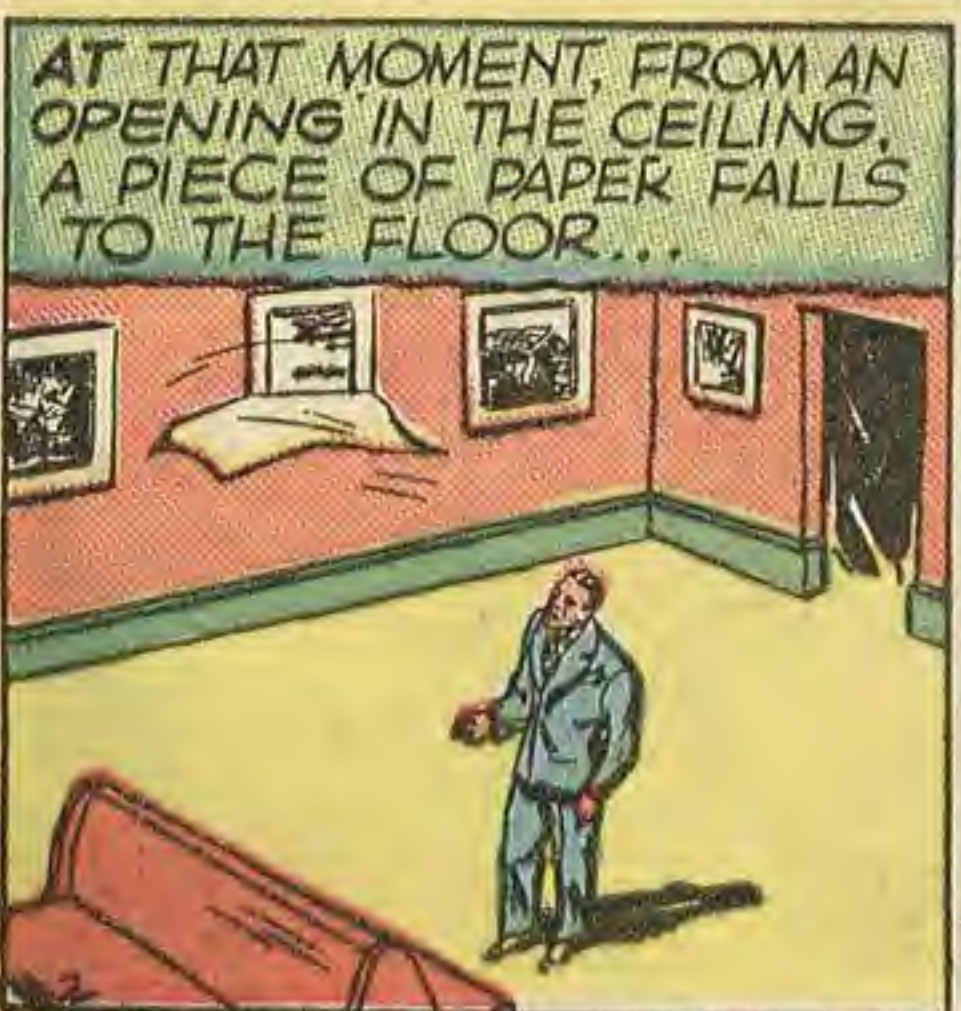


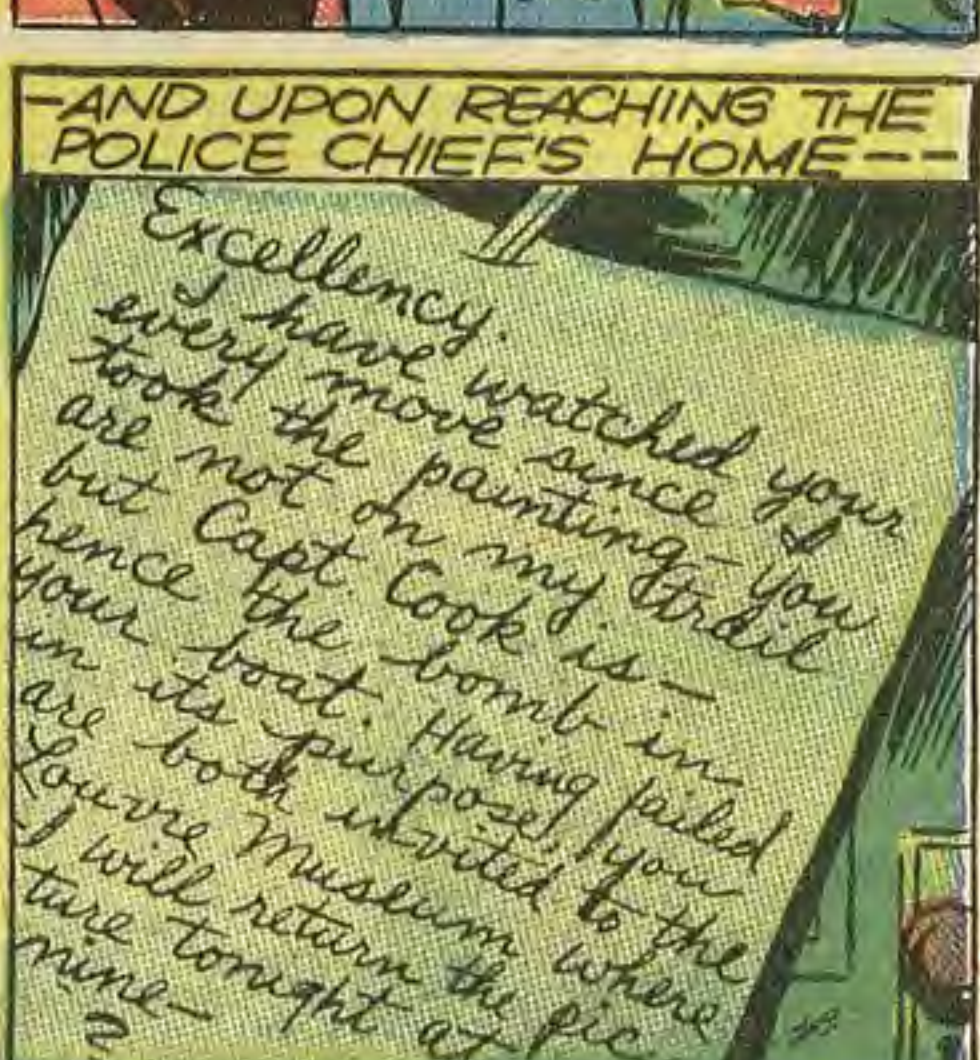
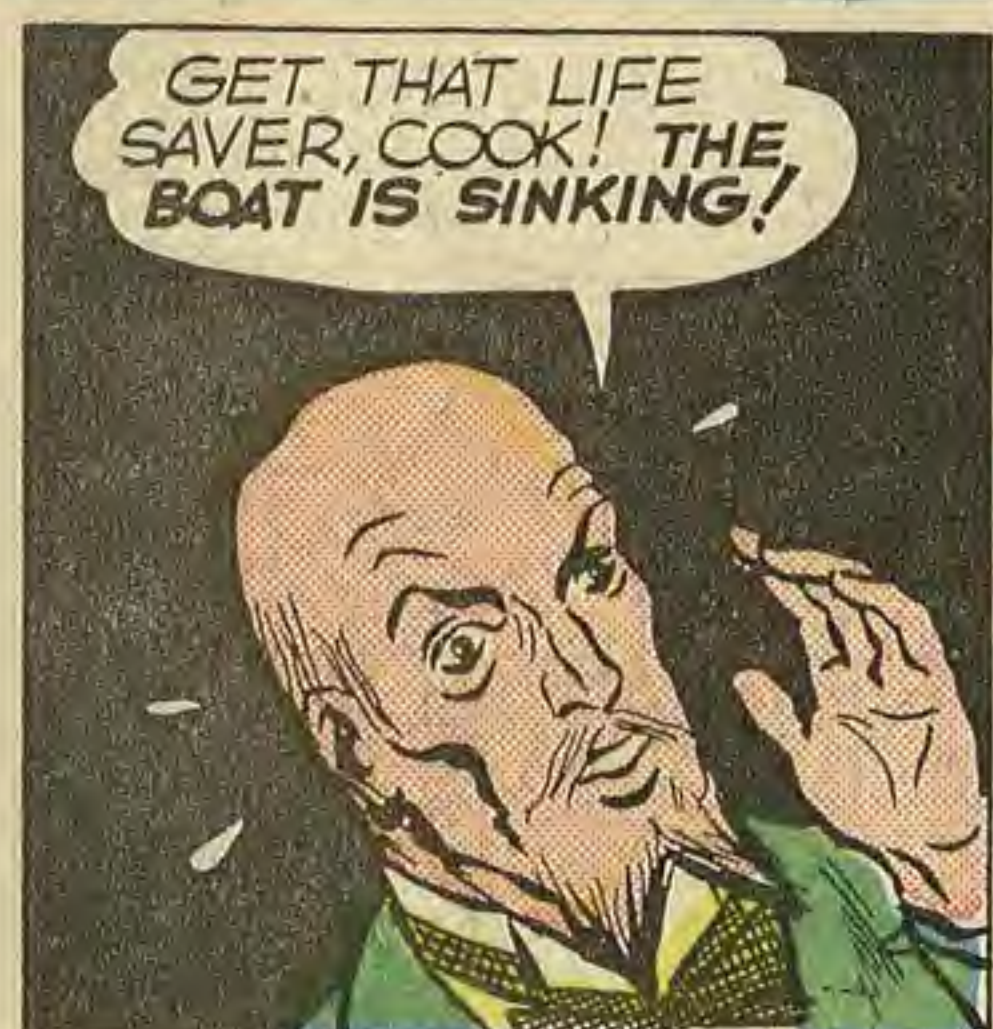
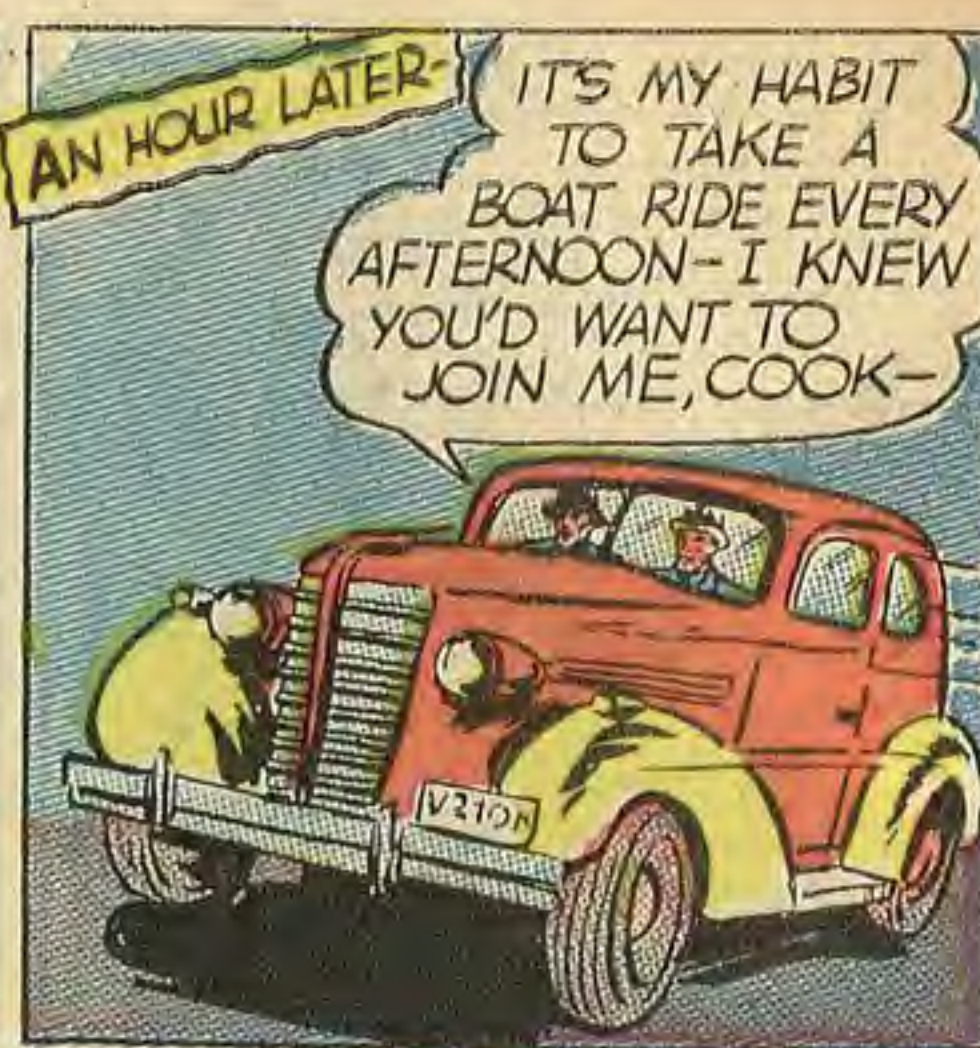
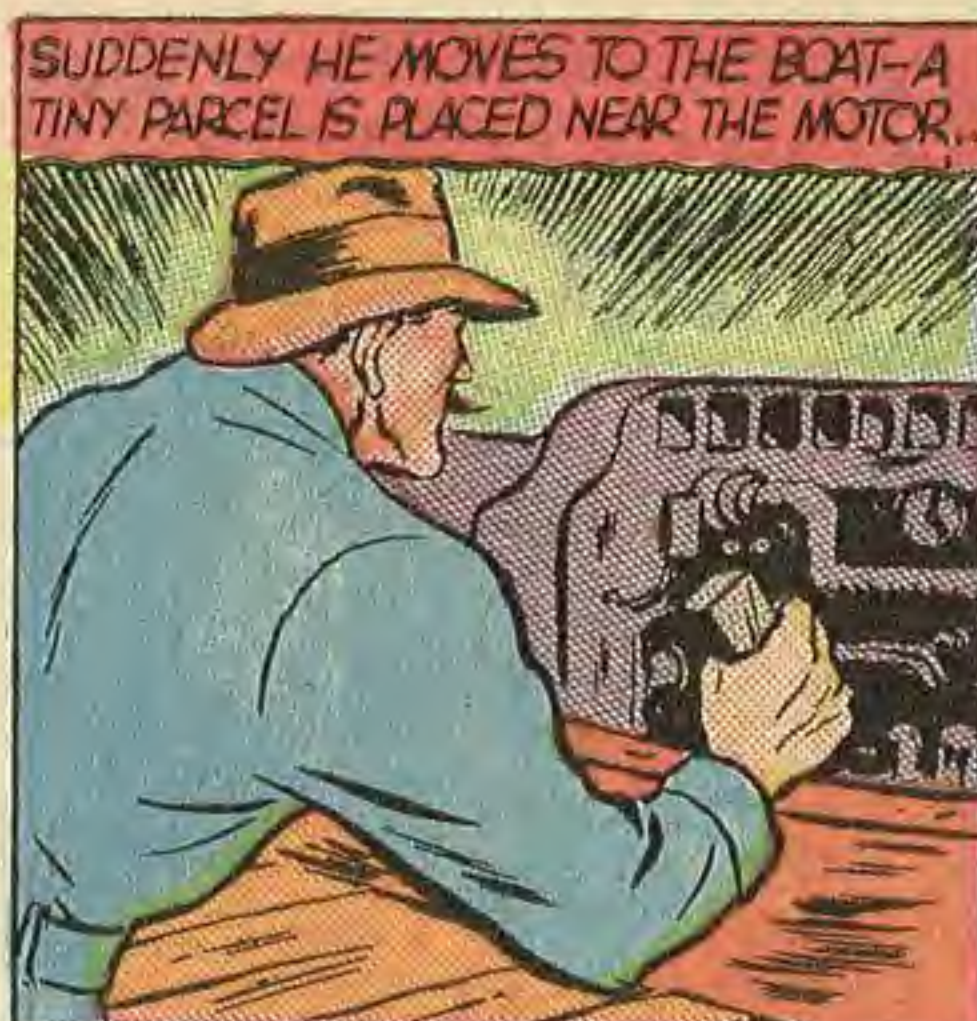
CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

CAPTAIN COOK IS VISITING WITH THE PARIS PREFECT OF POLICE, WHEN A MYSTERIOUS NOTE ARRIVES..

Excellency: It would be stupid of me to disclose my identity. However I am about to steal the "Mona Lisa" painting from the Louvre! To be exact - at 8:00 P.M. to-morrow -
Respectfully (for you) S?





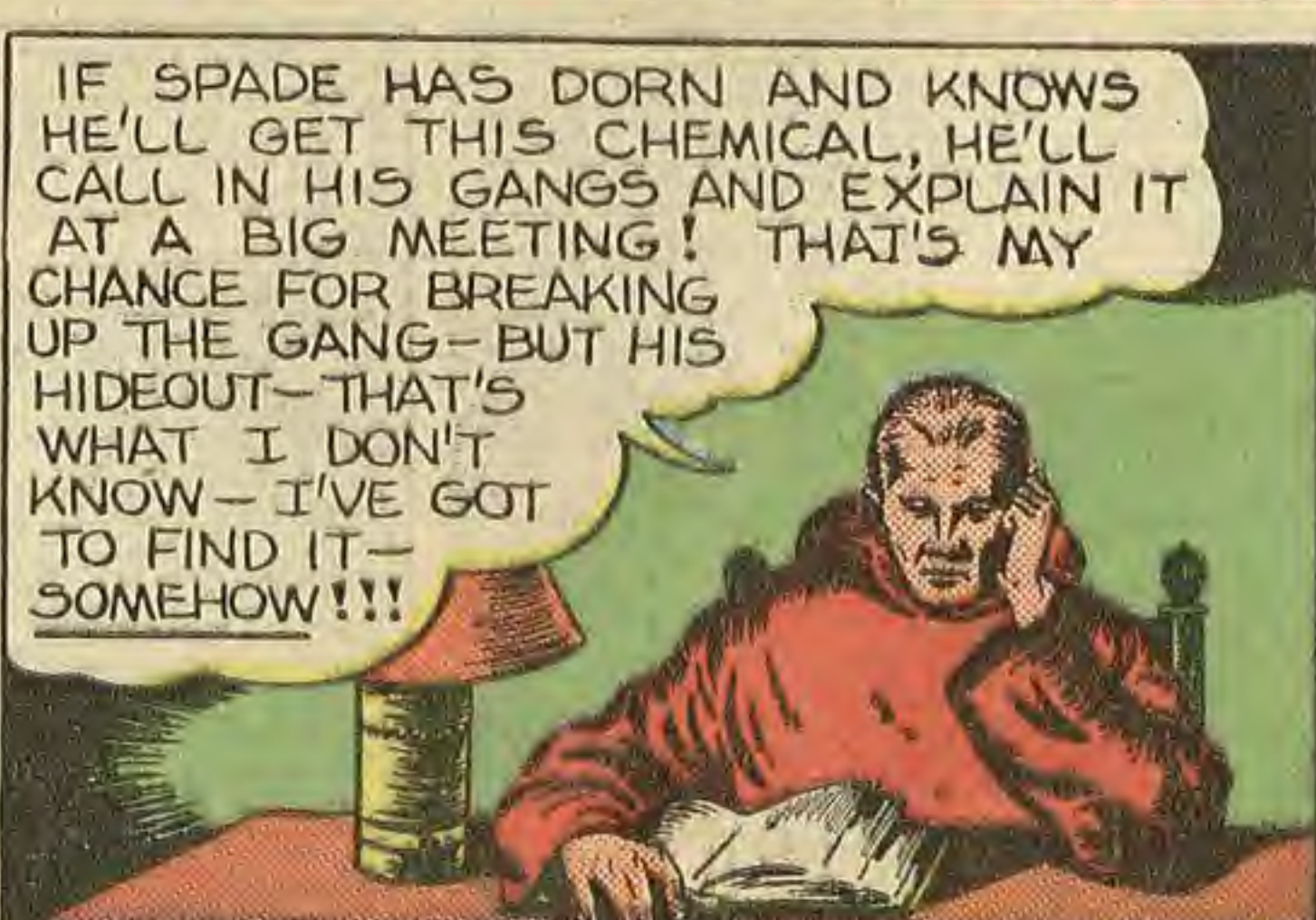


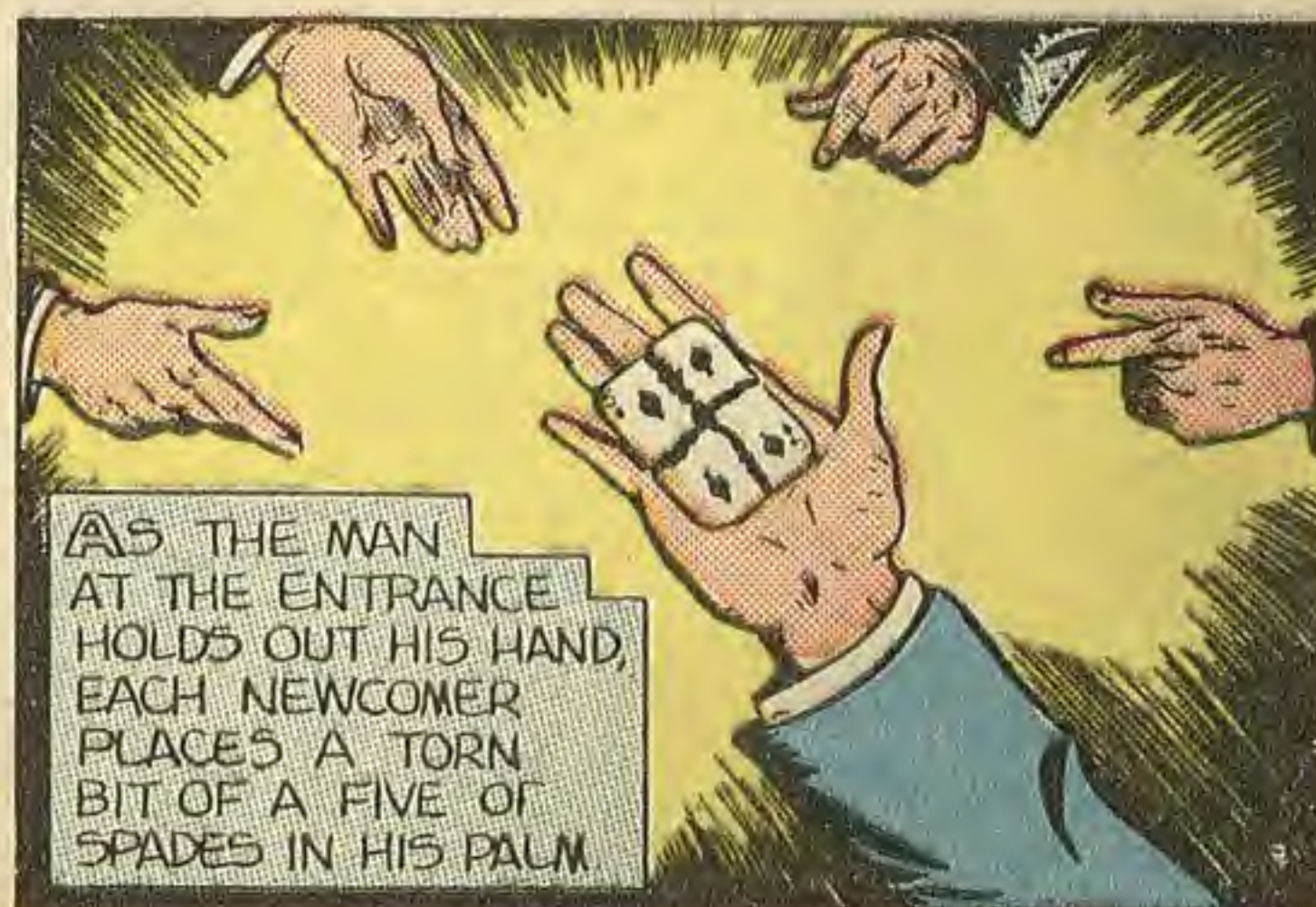
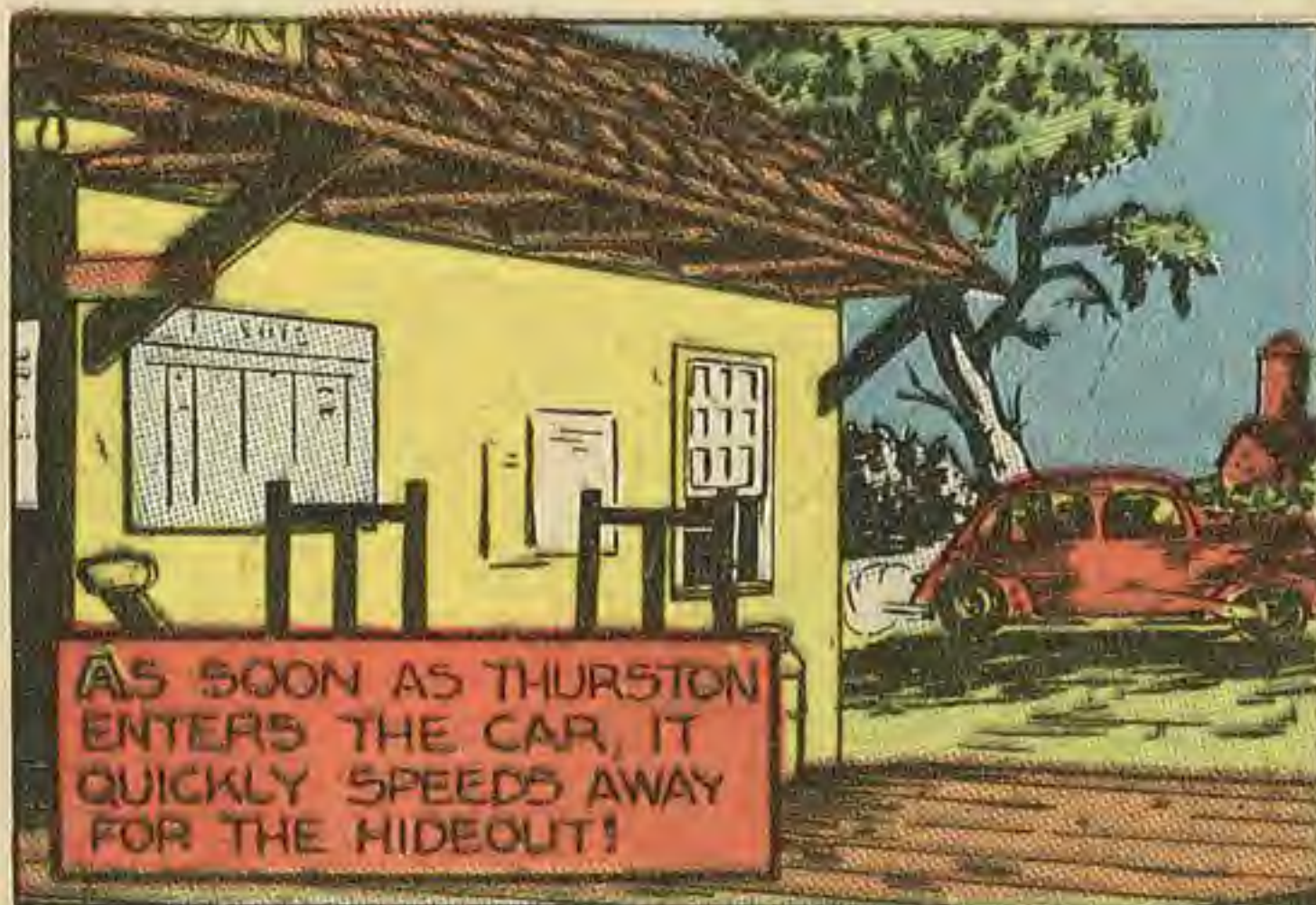


Captain Cook solves another case in the October issue of SMASH COMICS.

INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON





THE FOUR EX-HOLDERS OF THE TORN CARD ARE NOW LED THROUGH NARROW PASSAGES DEEP IN THE MINE—BUT THURSTON DROPS BACK!



NOW TO FIND DORN—WHAT?? I SMELL CHEMICALS—YES, THAT DOOR MUST BE TO DORN'S LABORATORY!



FROM HIS COAT LINING, THURSTON TAKES OUT HIS HOOD—THEN, PUTTING IT ON, HE EXPLORES SPADE'S STRONGHOLD.

EASY, PROFESSOR, I'M HERE TO HELP YOU!

QUICK—WHO ARE YOU??



I'M KNOWN AS THE "INVISIBLE HOOD"—I'VE COME TO RESCUE YOU AND BREAK UP THE SPADE GANG—BUT ABOVE ALL, I'VE COME FOR YOUR SECRET OF INVISIBILITY, PROFESSOR!

YES—I'VE HEARD OF YOU—WELL, I MAY HAVE ENOUGH OF THE CHEMICAL FIXED HERE NOW TO JUST COVER YOUR HOOD AND ROBE AS AN EXPERIMENT YOU KNOW!



IT WORKS! IT WORKS, "HOOD"! I CAN'T SEE YOU!

PROFESSOR, THIS IS THE GREATEST MOMENT IN MY LIFE!!



PROFESSOR VAN DORN HAS SPRAYED THE CHEMICAL OVER THURSTON'S HOOD—AND ONE HOUR LATER—

WAIT—I HEAR FOOTSTEPS—IT MUST BE SPADE'S GANG—STALL THEM OFF UNTIL I CAN GET OUT AND BRING SOME HELP!



WHO WAS THAT YOU WERE TALKING TO, PROFESSOR?

TALKING? —ER—OH—TO MYSELF, SPADE!

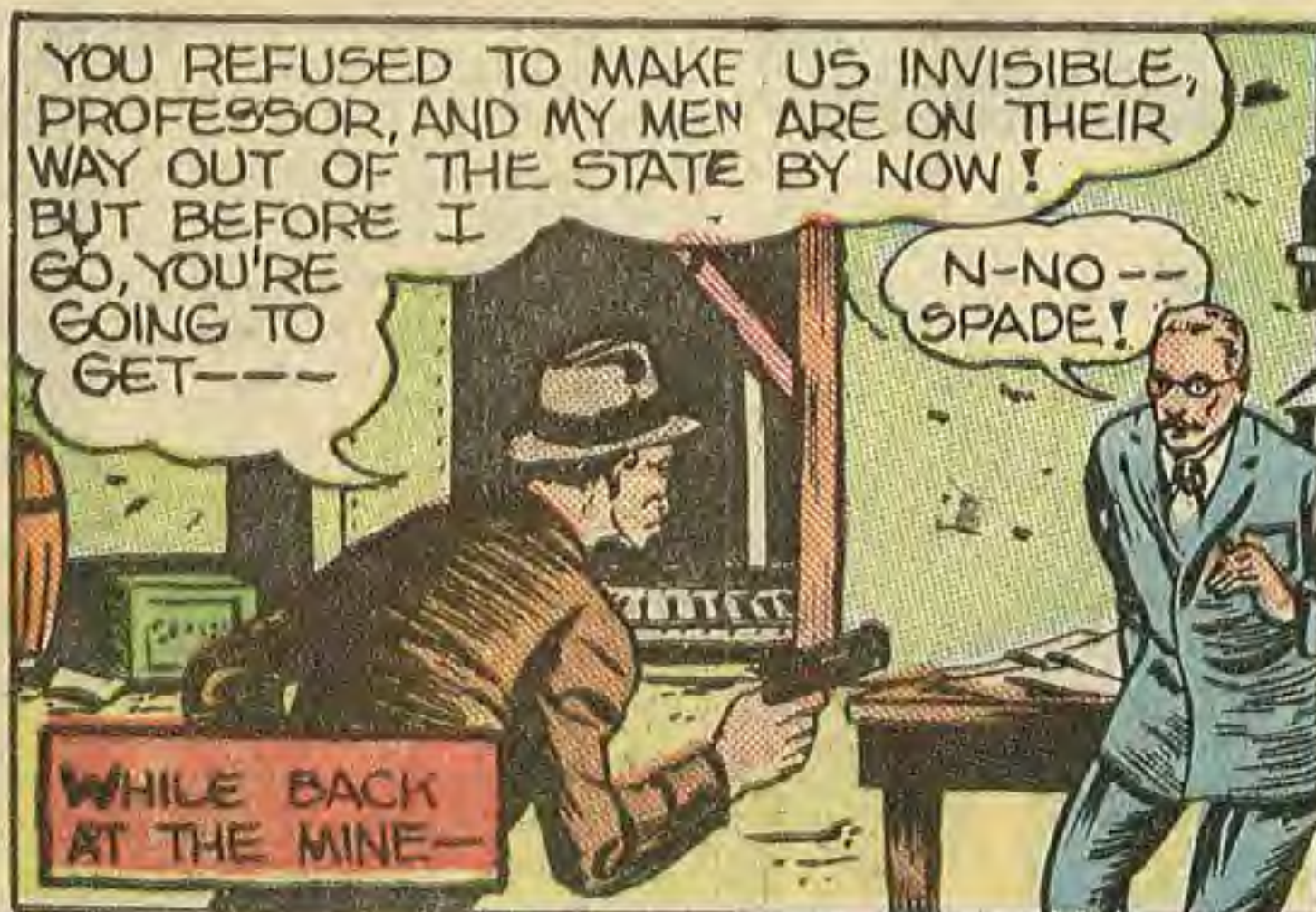


THAT'S FUNNY, BOSS! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEBODY ELSE'S VOICE!!

LISTEN, PROFESSOR, —WE'RE LOOKIN' FOR SOMEONE—ONE OF MY AGENTS AIN'T ON THE LEVEL, GET IT?? WHERE IS HE, HUH?







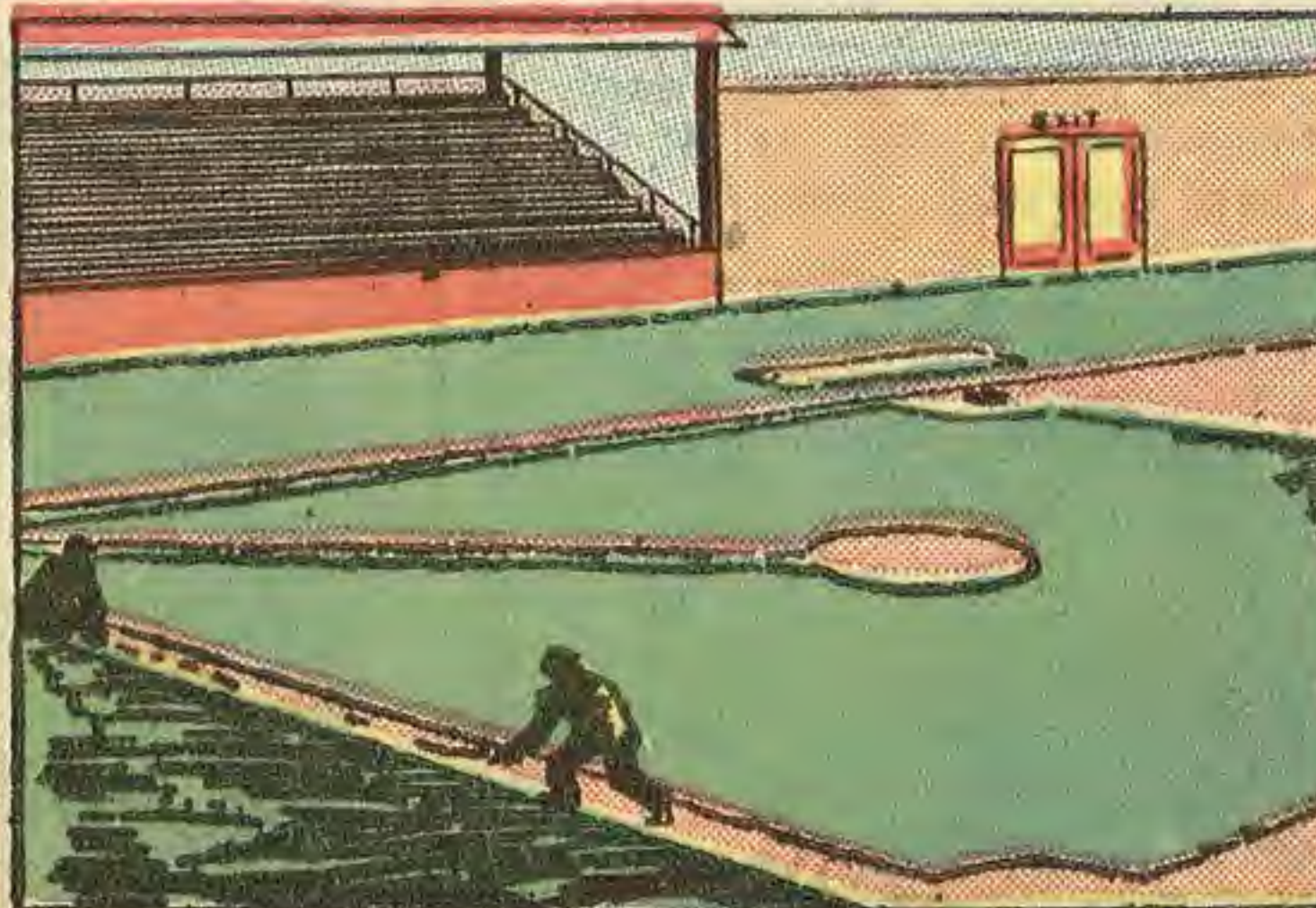
More of Invisible Justice in the October Issue of SMASH COMICS.

CLIP CHANCE AT CLIFFSIDE

BY SCOTT SHERIDAN



AND AS THE WATCHMAN DISAPPEARS UNDER THE STANDS, BOTH MEN RUSH ON TO THE DIAMOND AND QUICKLY BEGIN TO WORK--





FOR EIGHT AND A HALF INNINGS, THE HAWKS LEAD, ONE TO NOTHING, AND THE ROVERS COME TO BAT FOR THE LAST TIME -

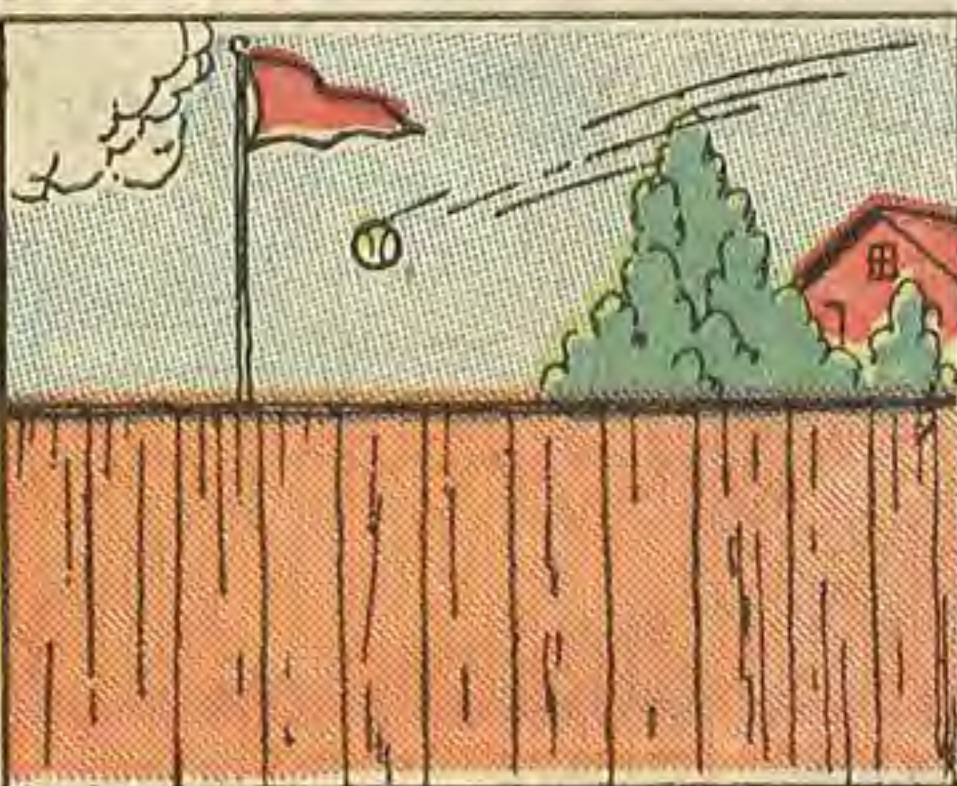
THE FIRST MAN UP IS WALKED AND TAKES A SHORT LEAD OFF FIRST BASE -



MAKE THIS COUNT, DAVE - SEND HIM HOME ---



AND DAVE SENDS THE FIRST BALL OVER THE FENCE FOR A HOME RUN ---



- AND JOGS AROUND THE BASE PATHS ---



BUGS, IF HE CROSSES THE PLATE, THE GAME IS OVER -- LET HIM HAVE IT ---



AND SUDDENLY DAVE STIFFENS AND FALLS -



WHAT HAPPENED?

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS -

GIVE HIM AIR!



ALL RIGHT FELLOWS, GET BACK TO YOUR POSITIONS - HE'S NOT HURT BAD --



THE SCORE'S TIED, CLIP - SEE IF YOU CAN BREAK IT UP --

I'LL TRY -



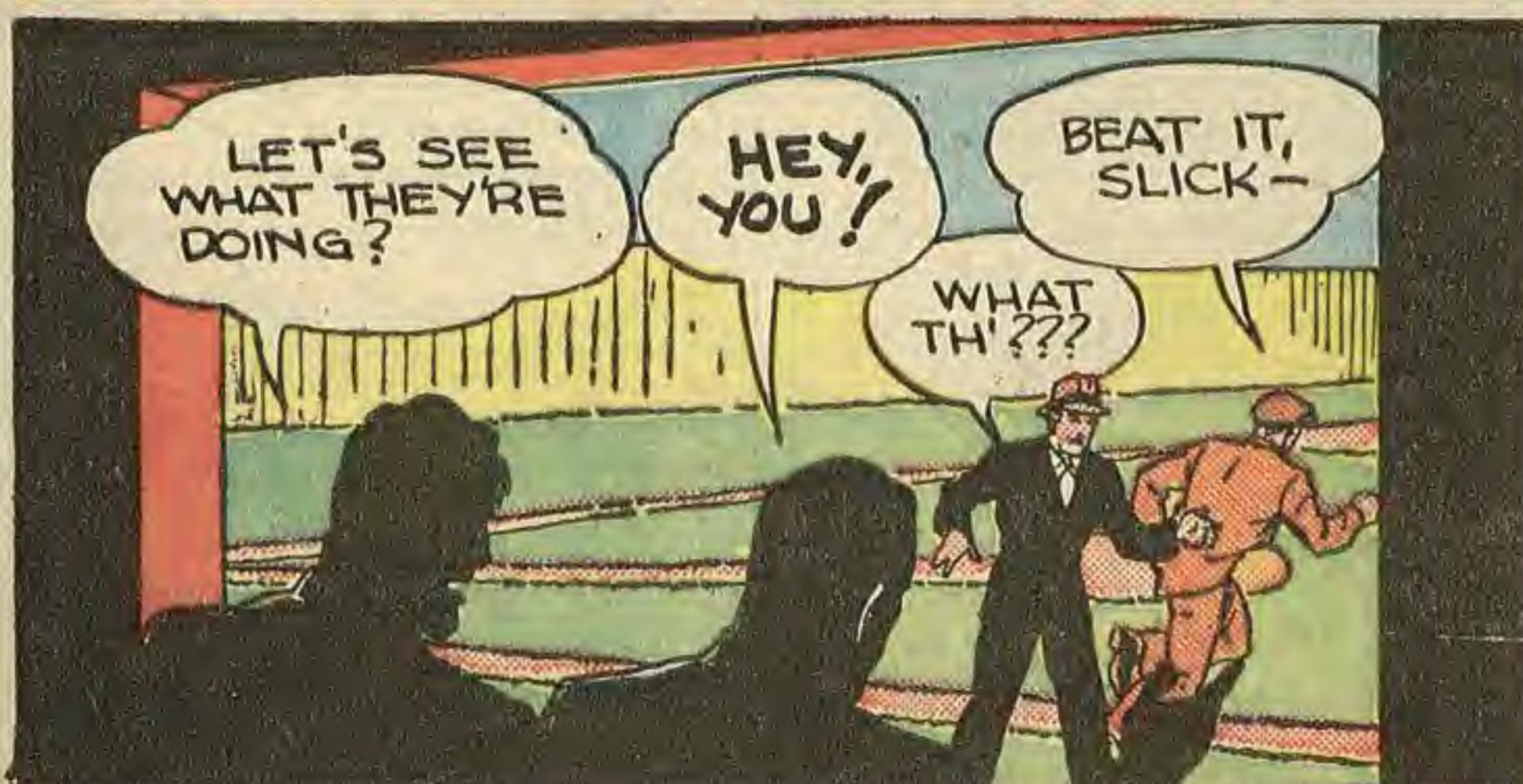
AND CLIP CRASHES A HIT INTO DEEP CENTER FIELD ---

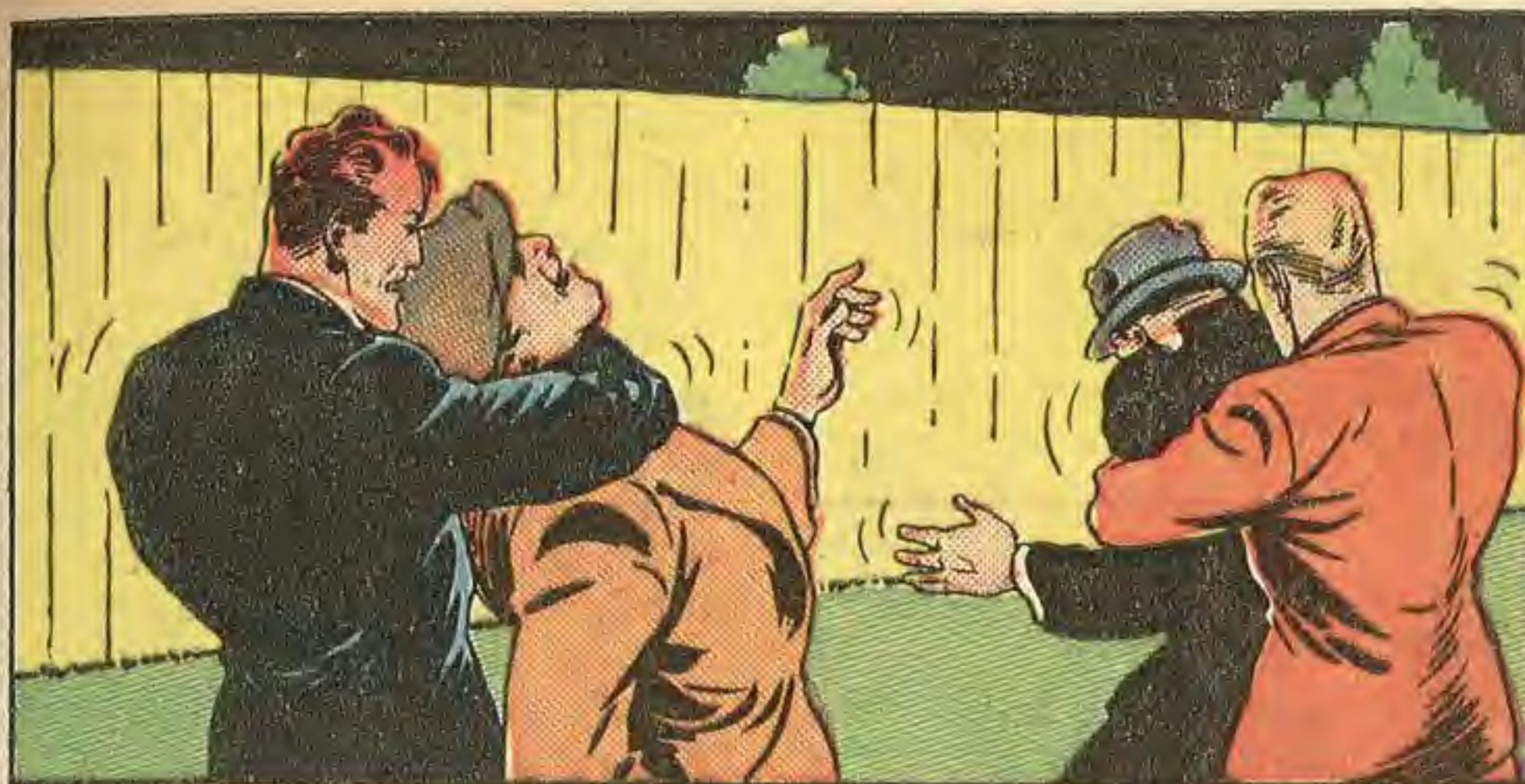


A HOMER - INSIDE TH' FIELD -

WOW!







Mystery At Catalina

By Jeffrey Spain

CHAPTER II

John Conway of Wonder Pictures, Inc., turned from a survey of the movie set that had sprung up magically on the beach a mile north of the village, and winked at Nigg.

"De Mille couldn't pick a flaw in it," he observed. "So I guess we have nothing to worry about."

"Dunno, Jack. Call it a hunch. We ain't seen a sign of the Coast Guard—looks suspicious to me. I'd gamble the boys have a hunch about this—this movie business."

Conway frowned. "And so what? We got to take some chances . . . wonder why Brandon's boat hasn't showed up?"

Nigg spat on the sand. "Sometimes I wonder about Brandon . . . if that lug tries anything funny—"

"Brandon's okay," Conway interrupted. "But I've got a plan that'll make this stunt fool-proof. Listen." He spoke in a low voice to Nigg for a moment, then set off down the beach.

The day's work was over. Tony, sitting on the step of the little shack he shared with Sun Wang, moodily regarded a white gull wheeling over Signor Moroni's yacht. At another time he would have been singing. But today he did not sing. Since that evening when the strangers had come, shattering the peace of the little community, a vague dread had crept into his being. Why, he did not know. Perhaps if he talked to Padre Perez—

"Hello, kid!"

Tony jumped, turned his head. "Oh!" he said, and scrambled to his feet.

"Mind if I sit down?" Conway asked, beaming. He drop-

ped to the step and motioned Tony to do likewise

"I'd like to have a talk with you," Conway went on. "I've been thinking about you since that night in the store—"

"Oh, signor," began Tony, "I'm so sorry about—"

"Tush, my boy." Conway grinned affably. "That's why I've been thinking about you. You're an actor. I think you'd make a great movie star. Would you like that?"

Tony gasped. Glory rose in his face. Then it faded. "Oh, but signor, you must be making the joke."

"Joke nothing! Look here, Tony, I'd like to try you out in the picture we're shooting up there. I'll give you a nice part and pay you a hundred dollars. What do you say?"

A hundred dollars! Why, it was a fortune! With what he had saved . . . yes, it would be enough to sail away to Italy . . . sail away to his career

"You—you really mean it, signor? You want me to be a movie star?"

Conway smilingly reassured him, and left with a sly look

Long after he had gone—long after Tony had forgotten about the crisp new fifty-dollar bill the picture producer had thrust into his hand, with the promise of another the next day—Tony sat, spellbound at his good fortune. A movie star! Maybe—maybe he'd forget about opera, about singing. Maybe . . .

Two pairs of sharp eyes had been watching from the obscurity of an abandoned fishing shack. As Conway disappeared up the beach, one of the men spoke

"I'd like to have heard that conversation, Luke."

"Me, too," Luke replied. "Conway gave the kid money. Maybe we ought to go over and have a talk with him."

The other man shook his head. "Might spoil everything. We'll wait. Keep our eyes open. We know Nigg is one of them, but that doesn't definitely implicate Conway."

Luke laughed softly. "Don't tell me you think our old friend Nigg's gone Hollywood! Listen, Bailey—"

Bailey interrupted: "We'll ride it out. If Brandon shows up—"

It seemed to Tony as he hurried toward his great adventure the next morning that his heart would burst with joy. The wind sang and the surf sang and the very sand under his flying feet seemed composed of springs which, with each step, lifted him nearer heaven. He was going to be a movie star!

There was only one shadow across his bright anticipations—Sun Wang. Tony had confided, as he confided everything, in the old Chinese. The latter had heard him through. Then, in his cryptic, sing-song voice, had said: "No, do this, Ton-ee. Thees bad man. You no do thees. Get in beeg tuble chop-chop. Come, catchem ab'lone, boy!"

But Tony had hurried off, angry for the first time with his old friend. Why should he listen to Sun Wang? He was a man with a future. As he trudged toward the nearby set he broke into his favorite old song of Venice.

A movie star! It was a grand, glorious day. A little awkward at first, Tony learned fast and even Conway was forced to admit that the youth had talent.

About nine that evening, Brandon's yacht hove to a quarter-mile off shore. Under the bank of blazing arcs which had been set up along the beach in a cluster, the trim craft stood like a huge white bird, its rigging ghostly against the black

water. Nigg, bulging in a too-tight steward's uniform, sat in a rowboat at the foot of the improvised wharf. Several steps had been built down to the water's edge. Thick carpet covered them, leading back ten paces to an ornate door in a fake stone front, which had been built to resemble the facade of some Venetian merchant's palace. Overhead was a colorful canopy. It was a grand entrance for a visiting opera star to make. And that, Tony had been told, was his part.

With the idea of making the whole thing look more authentic, Conway had gone among the fisherfolk early that day and, with the promise of five dollars to each, had hired half a hundred of them to be present that night. This was for "atmosphere." All they were required to do was stand about the entrance of the "palace" and welcome the visiting star with cheers when he left the yacht.

This crowd, all friends of Tony's, had long since assembled, eyes agog at the fine treat of watching a movie being made; hearts joyous not so much at the promise of five dollars each, but that they were to be a part of the movie in which Tony, their hero, was the star!

Far back of the crowd, where the light did not penetrate, two men crouched in the thick tangle of bushes.

"Listen, Luke," one of them whispered, "that's Brandon's yacht. That's all I need to know. Let's signal the boys and knock 'em over."

"Hold on," said the other. "I'll admit it looks suspicious, but still we can't be certain. Besides—"

"What more do you want?" exclaimed the first man angrily. "I tell you this is a set-up—a gag."

"Mebbe. But let's see the thing through. They're wasting a lot of money out there if this is only a gag to throw off suspicion . . . Look! Things are starting!"

Tony had left the dressing tent, dressed in a rich costume, and was walking slowly down to the waiting rowboat. Now he was stepping into it. A murmur went up from the crowd, a murmur of pride for their hero. Some of the spectators called to him, a little fearfully it seemed. And when he waved back to them it was as if some great personage had deigned to notice them. Tony was no longer of their lowly rank, no longer a poor fisher of abalones. He was a deity . . .

Something of all this was in Tony's heart as Nigg pushed

palace opened and two pages stepped into view, bearing standards aloft. Then Tony, followed by the white-coated Nigg, came down the ship's ladder and got into the rowboat. Men on board passed down huge garlands and baskets of white roses. Then the small boat pushed off and came toward shore slowly.

Cheers rang out from the watching fisherfolk. And as the camera on the beach cranked, Tony tossed bouquets of roses overboard. White roses floating on a sea of gold. The effect was startling.



off and began rowing toward the yacht. A silence fell, broken only by the faint protest of oars in rusty locks and the low throb of the power truck far up the beach which provided electricity for the lights.

The glare of arcs turned the quiet sea into a shimmering pool of gold. Gold, too, was the gleaming white costume which Tony wore.

At last the boat came to under the yacht's ladder and the two occupants clambored aboard.

"Quiet now!" Conway ordered the crowd.

"Ready!" came his voice again. "All eyes on the yacht . . . okay . . . camera!"

The door of the false-fronted

The two men hidden in the bushes drew in their breath, and Luke said: "Say, I'm almost convinced this is on the level. They wouldn't go to all that bother if—"

His words ended as a sputtering volley of shots rattled out far down the beach. Instantly the movie set was plunged into darkness. The crowd milled and grouped for balance when somebody rushed through their ranks, heading for the brush. A woman screamed.

MYSTERY AT CATALINA
is concluded in the October
issue of
SMASH COMICS.

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

BY BERNARD BAILY



WITH A LITTLE IMAGINATION I SUPPOSE I COULD MAKE BELIEVE THIS IS A HEROINE!

JIMMIE'S PROFESSIONAL CAREER STARTED AS A SHIPPING CLERK IN A NEW YORK DEPARTMENT STORE, BUT HE DIDN'T REMAIN THERE LONG - THE LURE OF THE STAGE PROVED TOO STRONG..



YOU'RE ON NEXT, MISTER CAGNEY!

James Cagney

HE FINALLY BROKE INTO VAUDEVILLE AND STUCK TO THE "THREE-A-DAY" FOR FIVE YEARS, PLAYING THE SAME TANK TOWNS OVER AND OVER UNTIL THEY STARTED CALLING IT THE CAGNEY CIRCUIT!



THEN THE 'BREAK' CAME - A HOLLYWOOD OFFER. JIMMIE HAS ABOUT EVERYTHING - PERSONALITY, CHARM AND ACTING ABILITY - SO IT IS SMALL WONDER THAT HE CLICKED! HIS CHARACTERIZATION OF A PRE-PROHIBITION GANGSTER BROUGHT HIM INSTANT FAME!



HE IS QUITE A STUDENT - AND IS ALSO HOLLYWOOD'S MOST RABID FIGHT FAN!



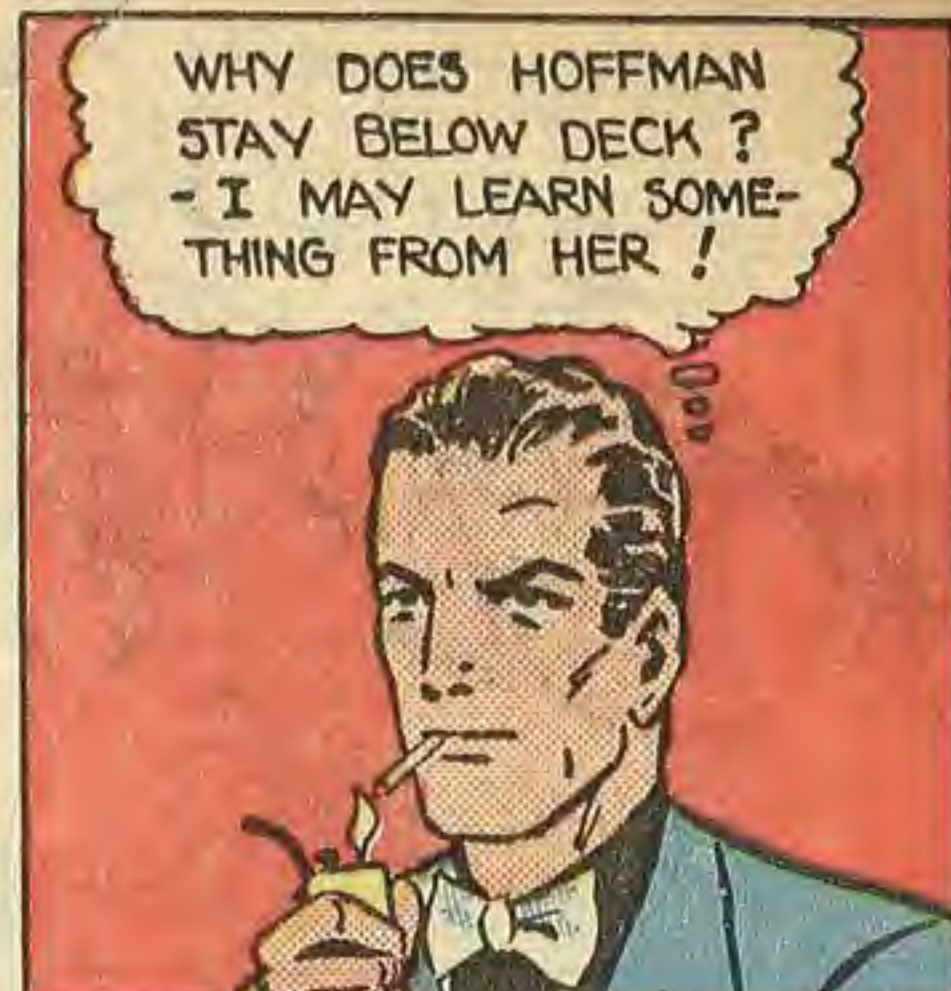
WHEN HE RETIRES, HE EXPECTS TO SPEND HIS DAYS ON HIS FARM IN MARTHA'S VINEYARD, AND LEAD THE SIMPLE LIFE!

CHIC CARTER

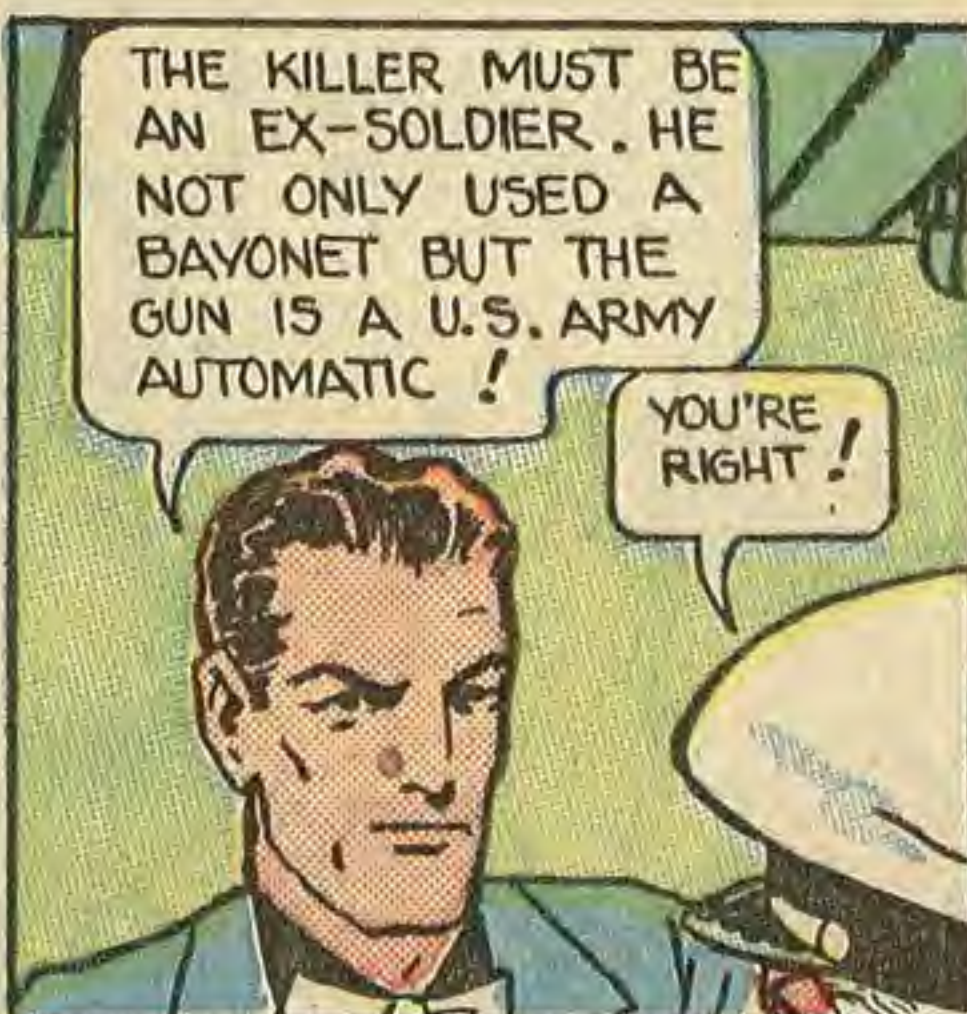
ACE
REPORTER

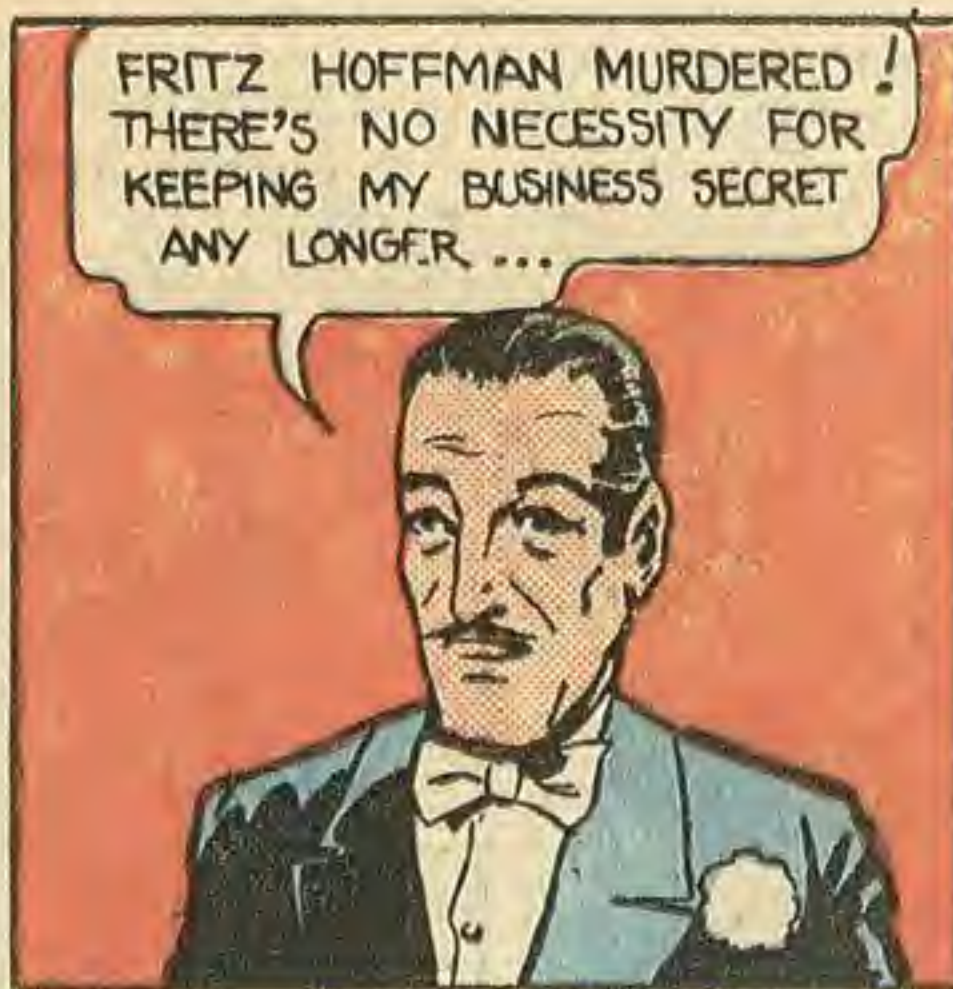
BY VERNON HENKEL ~

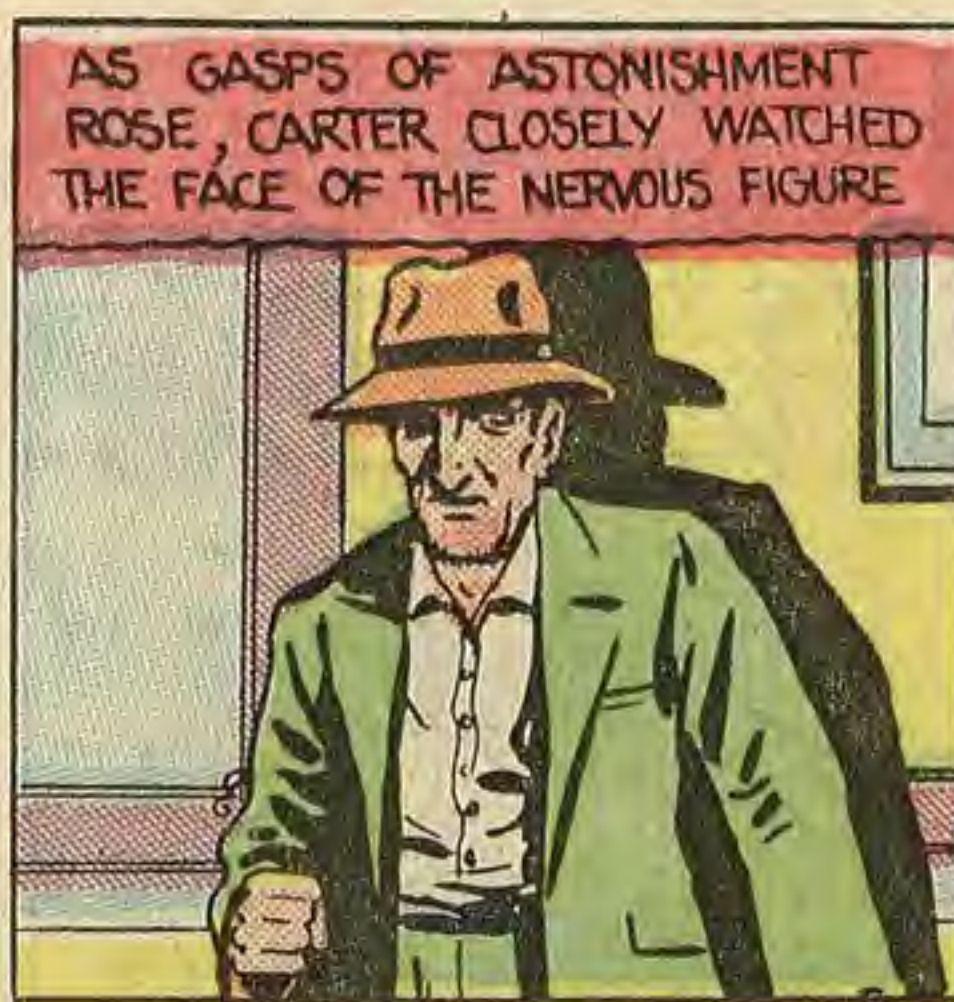














HE'S HEADING FOR THE BRIDGE - STOP HIM !



ANOTHER STEP FORWARD AND I PULL THE PIN !



KEEP TALKING TO HIM - I'M GOING AROUND THE OTHER WAY !



HEY ! WHAT GOES ON HERE ?

GET BACK OR YOU DIE !



DO AS HE SAYS !! WE CAN'T TAKE CHANCES - HE'S MAD !



MAD ? YES I'M MAD ! CRAZED BY A WAR THAT FILLED HOFFMAN'S POCKETS WITH GOLD ! WHAT IF I DID KILL HIM - HE DESERVED IT - HE CAUSED MANY DEATHS !



MEANWHILE CHIC CRAWLED STEALTHILY ACROSS THE TOP OF THE BRIDGE --



DUCK ! HE'S GOING TO THROW IT !



AS THE CRAZED KILLER HIT THE WATER, THE GRENADE WENT OFF !



WHEW ! I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER - NOW I'LL BE ABLE TO RELAX FOR THE REST OF THE TRIP !

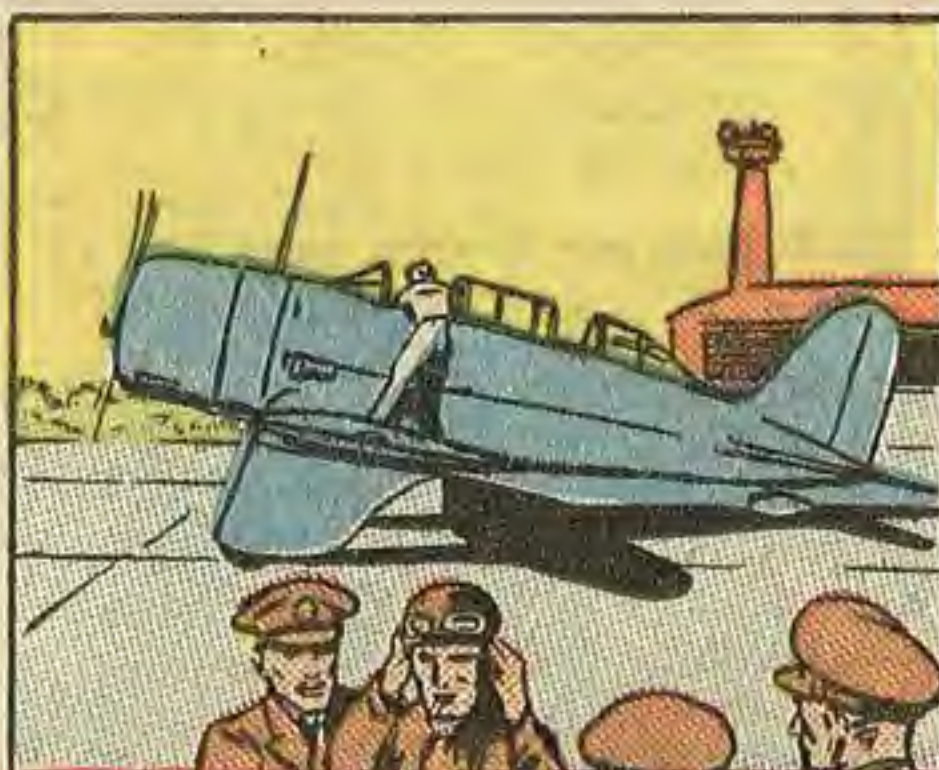
WINGS WENDALL

OF THE
MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

IN AMERICA THEY ARE
EXPERIMENTING WITH A
NEW TYPE MILITARY PLANE
-THE PLANS WILL BE
VALUABLE TO OUR EXPANSION
... GET THEM !



YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY,
I LEAVE FOR NEW YORK
ON THE NEXT BOAT !



MEANWHILE, AT MITCHEL FIELD
A POWERFUL PURSUIT PLANE
WARMS UP FOR A TAKE-OFF

WELL, GOOD LUCK
PAT - DON'T LET
HER THROW YOU !

O.K.
WINGS,
I'LL TRY
TO STAY
WITH 'ER !

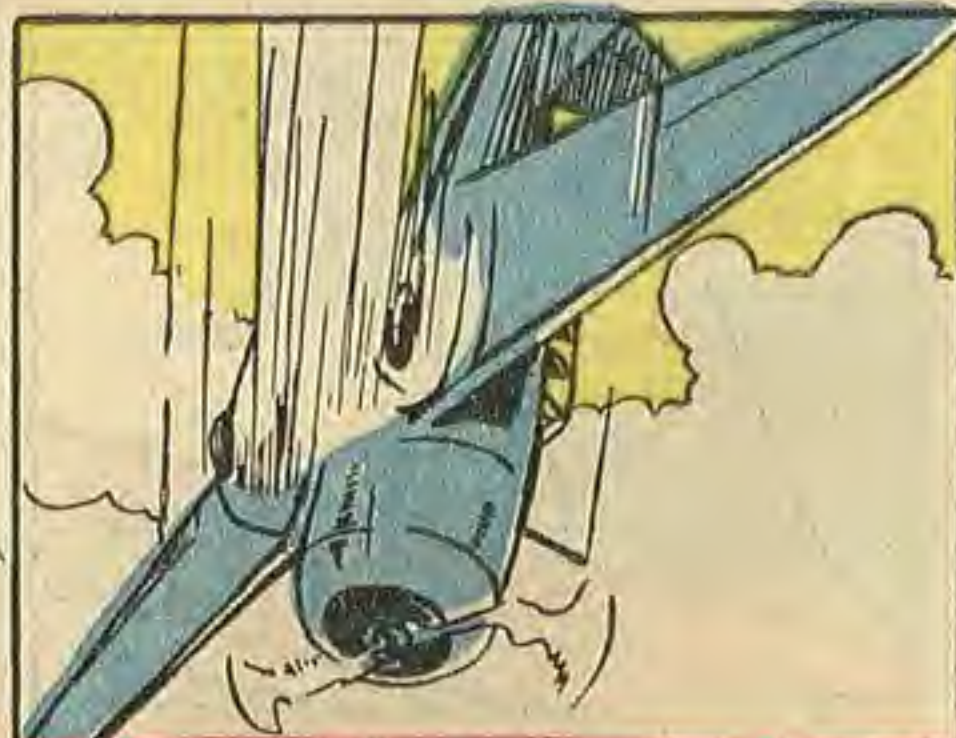


LOOK AT
THAT CRATE
GO !!

IT HAS PLENTY
OF SPEED, BUT
WILL IT STAY
TOGETHER ?



AMAZING ! IT'S
STANDING UP UNDER
EVERY MANEUVER
IN THE BOOK !



WINGS WENDALL AND THE
MEMBERS OF THE TESTING BOARD
WATCH AS THE PLANE STARTS
ITS LAST TEST - THE POWER ONE

PULL OUT !
PULL OUT !

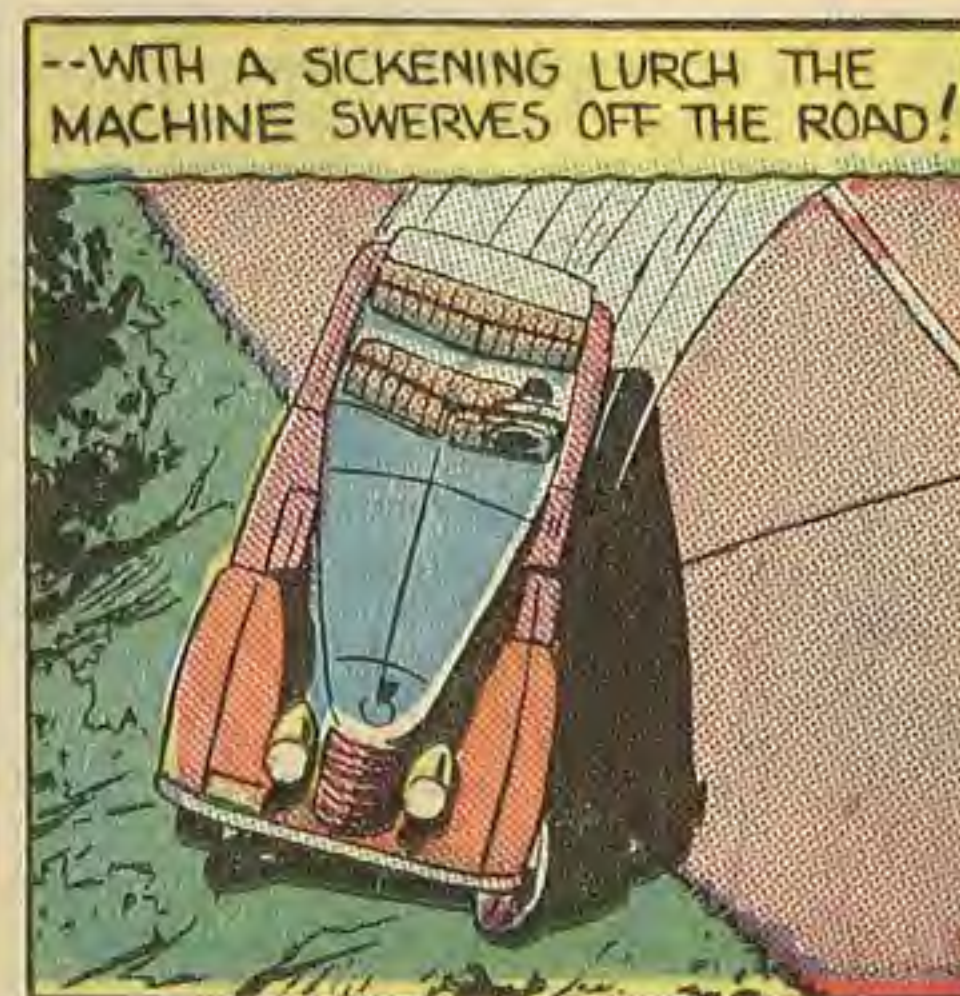
HE'S
GOING
TO CRASH !



THE CONTROL CABLE
-- IT SNAPPED !











SHE'S GONE, BUT
I DON'T THINK
I'VE SEEN THE
LAST OF HER!



HELLO!--WENDALL
CALLING--SEND A
SQUAD OF MEN OUT
TO THE PIERCE ESTATE!



SOON THE HOUSE IS COMPLETELY
SURROUNDED BY INTELLIGENCE
AGENTS--WAITING....



SHHHH! A CAR
IS APPROACHING--
KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!



THIS IS THE PLACE!
WAIT HERE, BORIS--
KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING!



O.K.--THEY'RE IN THE
HOUSE--CLOSE IN!!
PRENTIS, LEAVE THE
MAN IN THE CAR GET
AWAY--BUT TAIL HIM!



I HAVE THEM--
LET'S GET OUT
OF HERE!

AND IN THE
HOUSE
THE INTRUDERS
FIND THE
PLANS



ALL RIGHT, BOYS--THE
HOUSE IS SURROUNDED
--YOU MIGHT AS WELL
GIVE UP!

SNAP!



WE'RE TRAPPED!
SHOOT YOUR
WAY OUT!



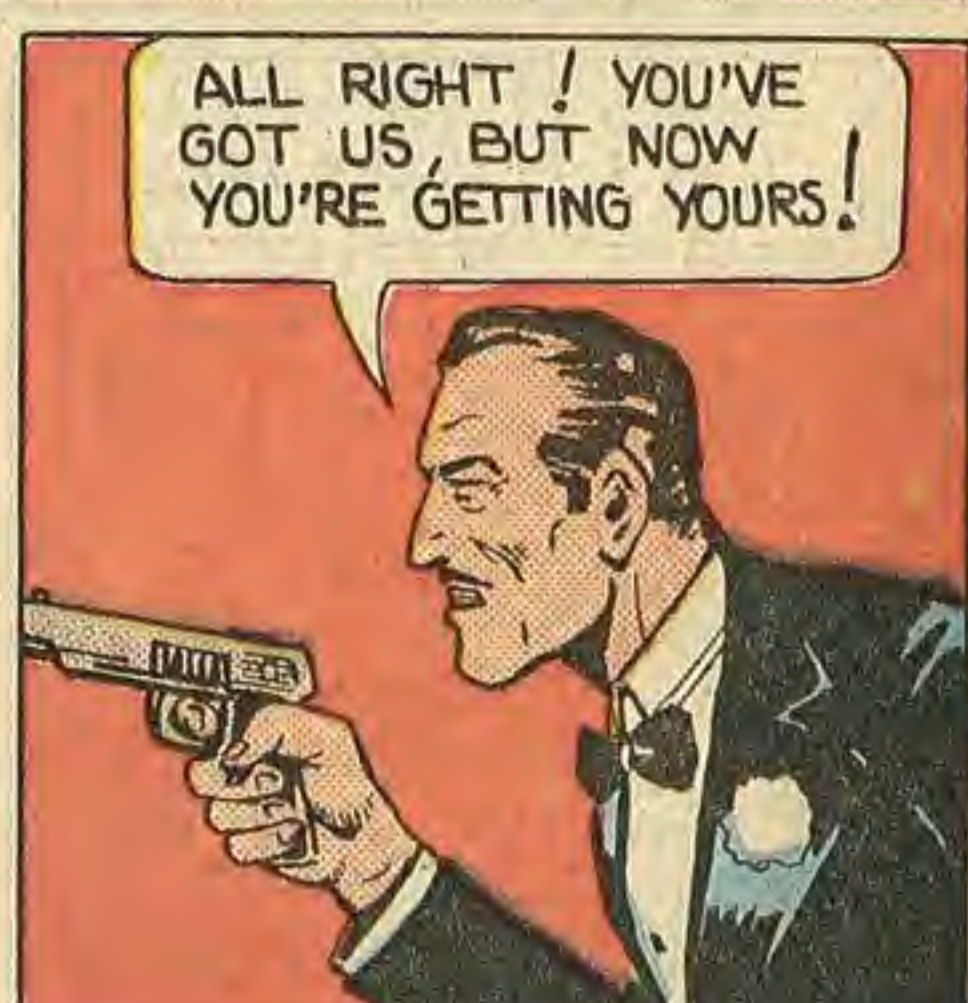
HERE COMES
ONE---
GET HIM!



THE OTHER ONE'S IN
THE HOUSE--I
"WINGED" HIM!

FOLLOWING THE THUG THROUGH
THE WINDOW, WINGS DASHES
TOWARDS THE GET-AWAY CAR...





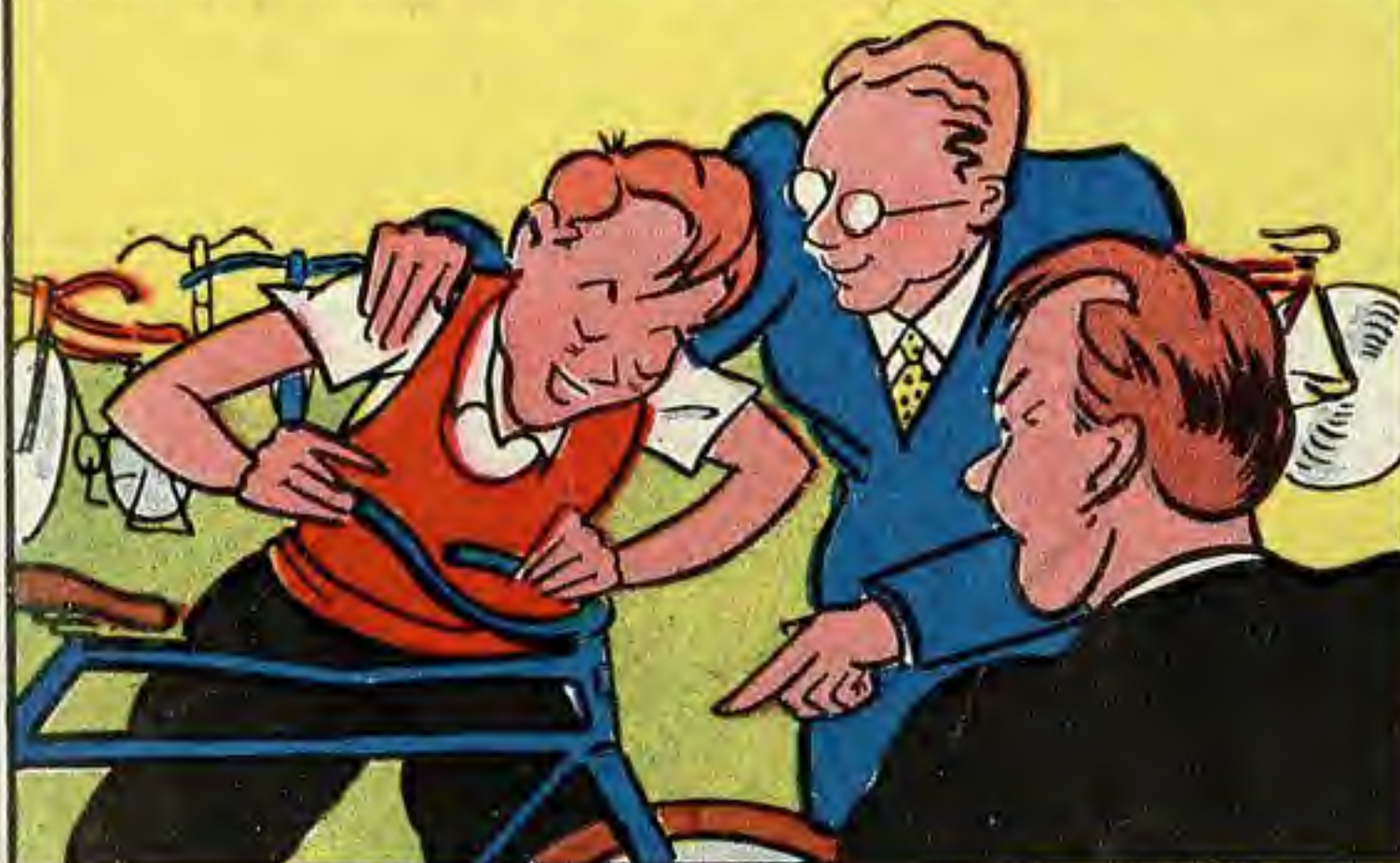
A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER
LUGGED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER,
ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE,
'TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHE,
FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!



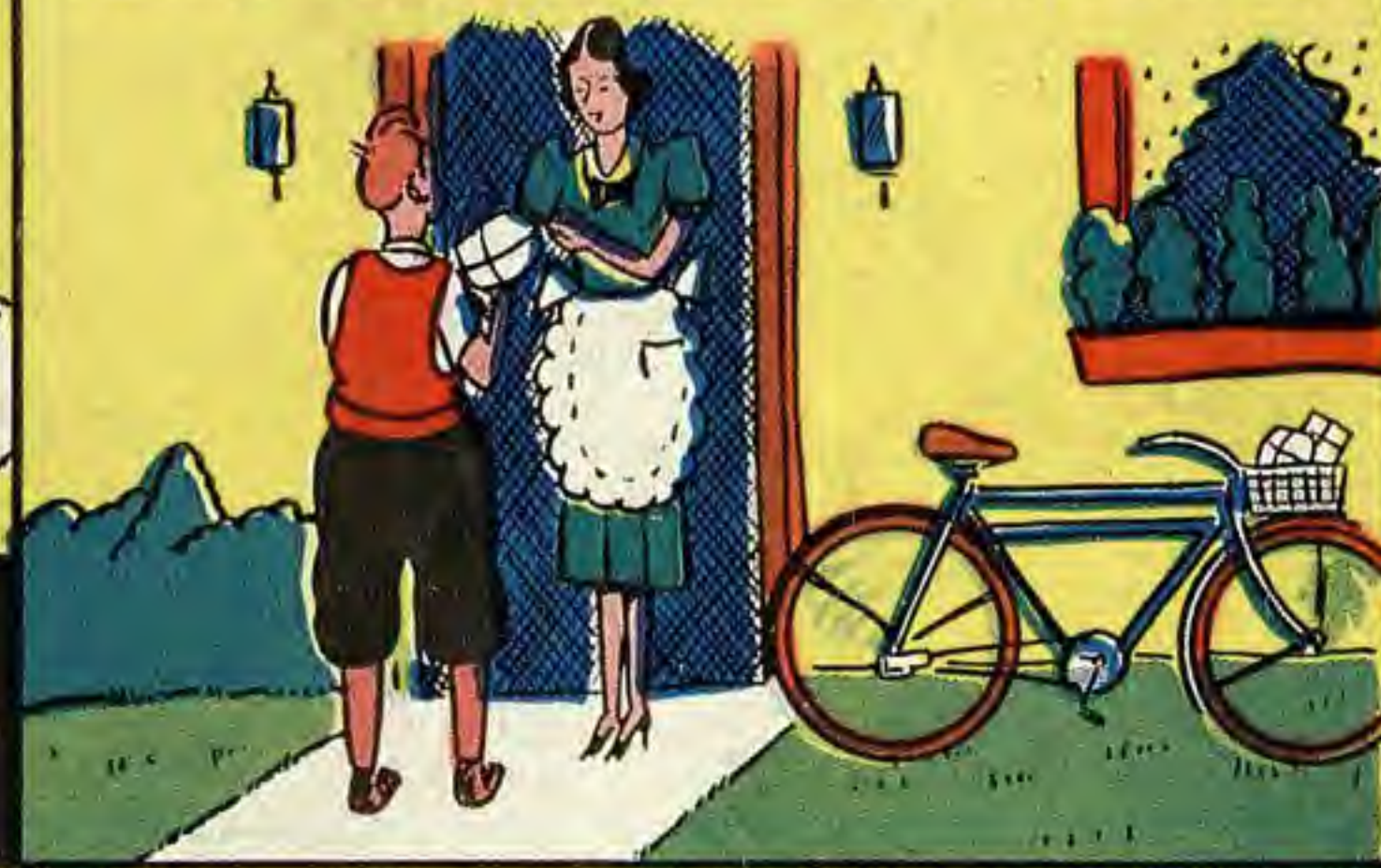
THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,
SAID, "I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,
"WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE —
"A SWELL-COASTING MORROW, BY GOLLY!"



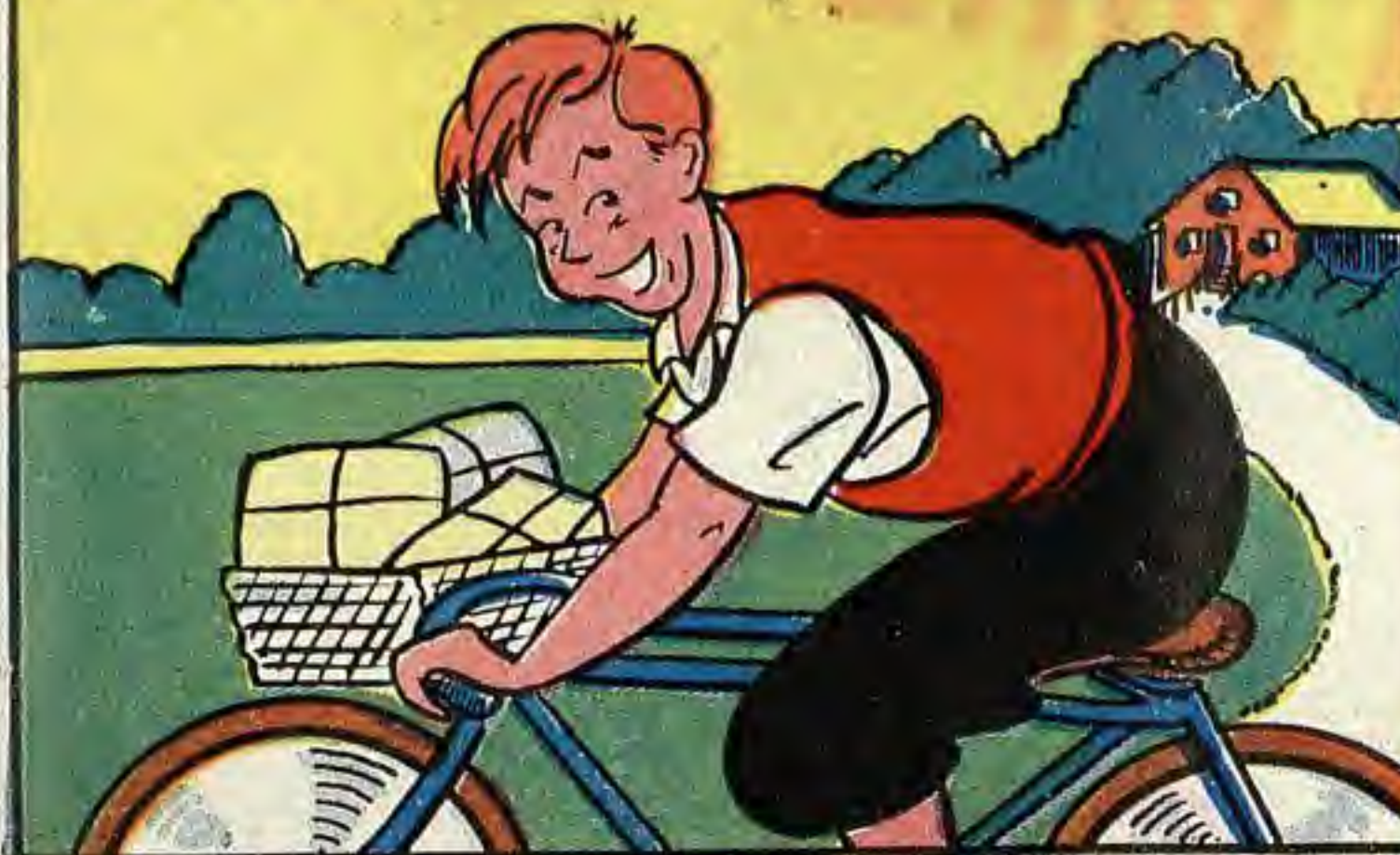
THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WIDE-AWAKE,
WAS STRONG FOR THE STOUT MORROW BRAKE,
SO THEY PICKED OUT A BLINGER —
A NIFTY HUM-DINGER,
WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!



NOW THE FALL RIVER FOLKS GET THEIR BACON,
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND FRANKFURTS AND STEAK, ON
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT —
RIGHT OUT OF THE BASKET,
'MOST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!



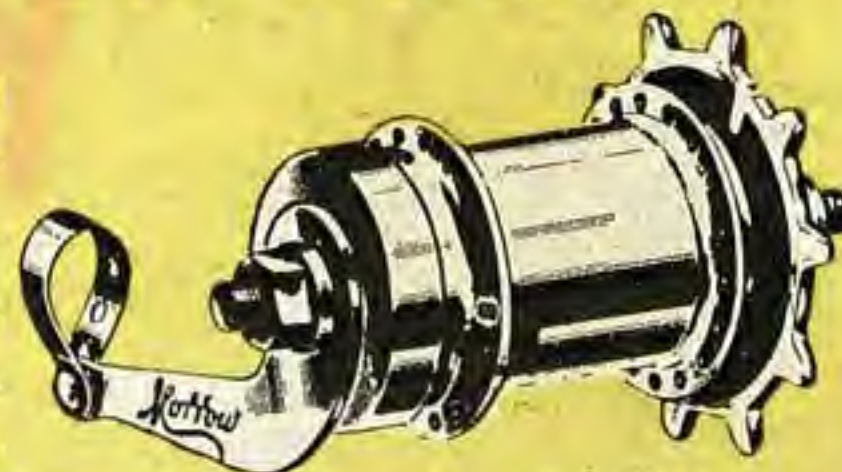
IT'S THE MORROW THAT CAUSES THE HUSTLE —
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSLE —
KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,
'CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!



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has a **MORROW**
COASTER BRAKE

Famous for 40
years! Quick stop-
ping, easy pedal-
ing, long coasting;
more ball bear-
ings (31) than any

other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a
Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike — ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
Bendix Aviation Corporation, Dept. 272, Elmira, N. Y.

Take a Tip

FROM JOE "FLASH" GORDON

Here's a message right from the heart of one of the world's greatest athletes. Joe Gordon, flashy infielder who covers "acres" between first and second for the Yankees, says:

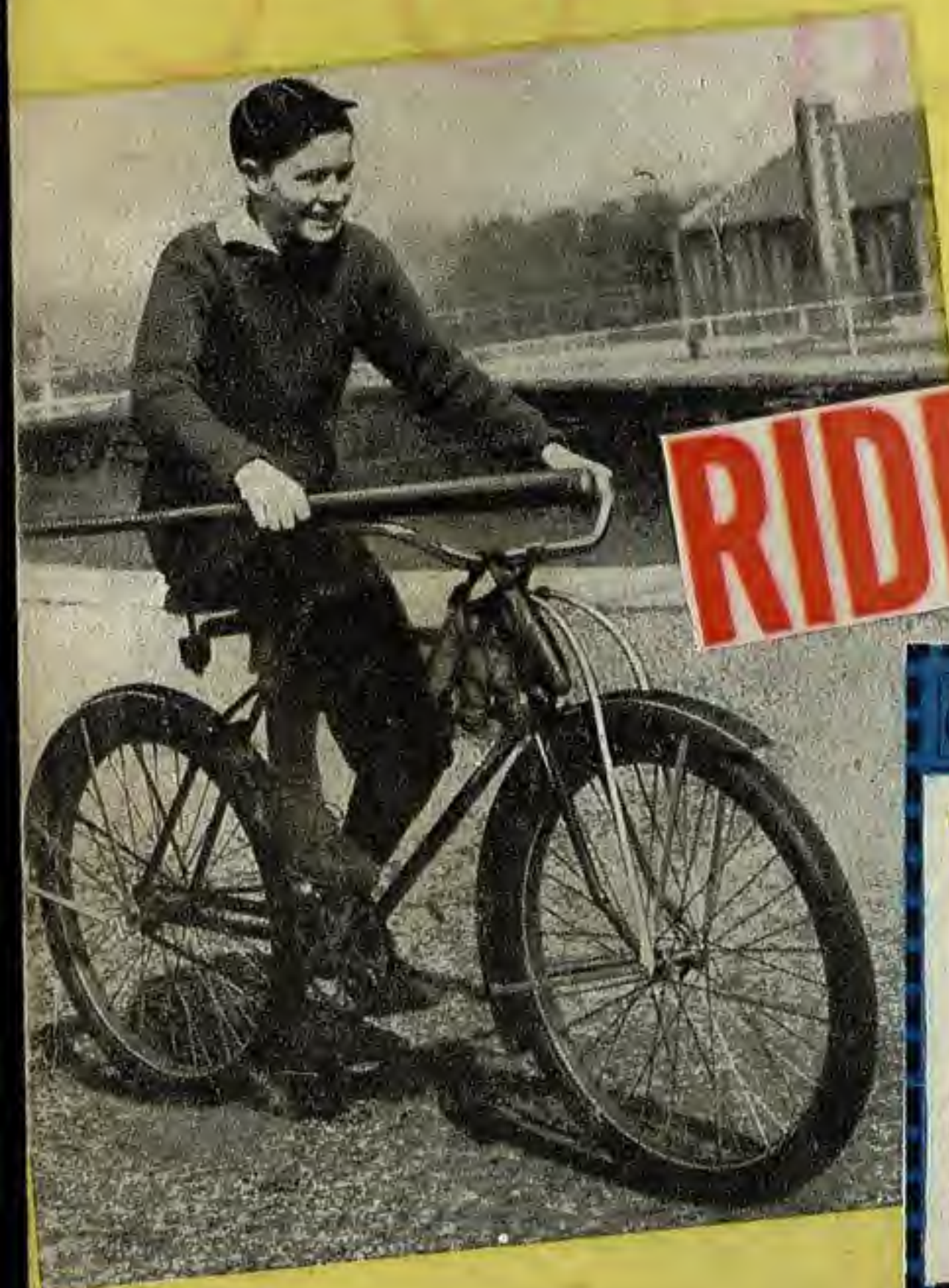
"You need leg power more than any other one thing in any form of sport. Riding a bike is the ideal way to develop strong, sturdy legs. I should know. It seems I've spent half my life riding a bike. And every minute of it was fun! If you'd like to be a champ — *at anything* — start riding a bike today!"

Act now! Tell mother and dad you want a new bike this summer. Ask them to go with you to your nearest dealer in bikes to look at the sporty new models. Remind them that the low first cost is the last!

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